QUITE FIT, THANKS!

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 125. [Published Every Monday.] WEEK ENDING MARCH 25TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

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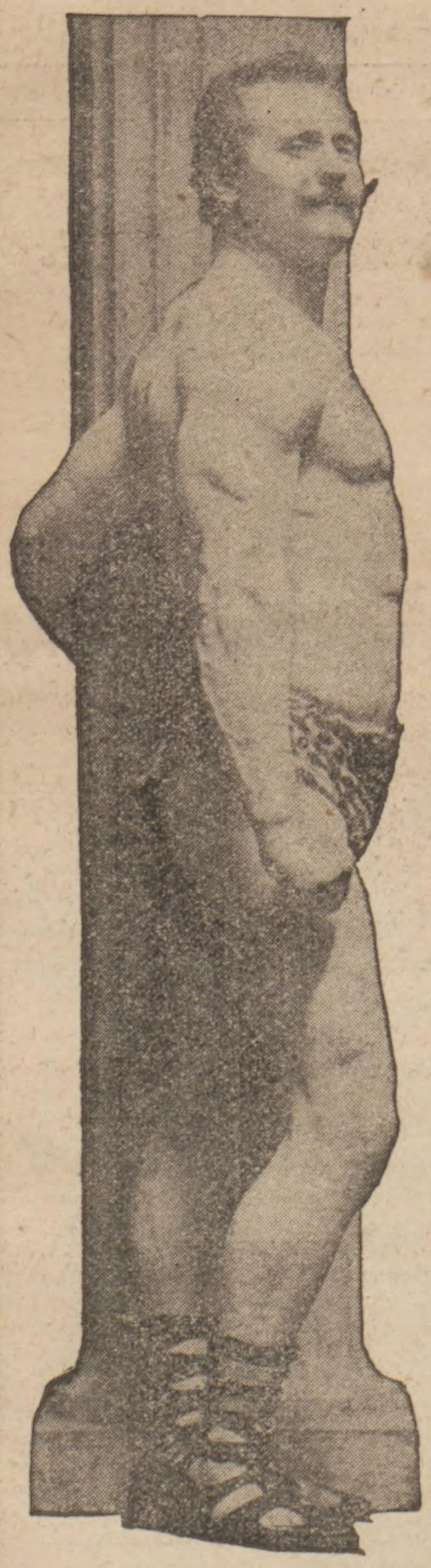

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Signed.....

Address.....

*** Please cross out sizes not required.**

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 125. WEEK ENDING MARCH 25TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

POTTED PLANTS.

WHEN TO WATER THEM.

The principal duty in connection with taking care of indoor plants is the watering of them. Some people have a habit of watering plants, not at stated intervals, but whenever they happen to think of it, and the result is that the plants present a sickly, ill-cared for, appearance.

It is just as easy to err in the other direction and to give them too much water. When watered too frequently, it is impossible for the roots to absorb the moisture, and the soil becomes soaked, so that the air is excluded, and the earth in the pot gets sour. Gradually the leaves of the plant turn yellow and drop off.

When kept short of water, the roots dry up in the same way, with simialr results.

If undecided as to whether a plant requires water or not, try the following experiment.

Take a little of the soil between the fingers. If the soil crumbles without caking, water is necessary; if the soil cakes while crumbling it between the fingers, there is still a quantity of moisture to be absorbed.

QUACKS IN NEW ZEALAND.

AN EXCELLENT PLAN.

New Zealand has strict laws in regard to the sale of patent medicines, and the patent medicine vendor who advertises the thing which is not has an unhappy time of it.

By the Quackery Prevention Act, 1908, it is enacted that:

"Every person commits an offence who publishes or causes to be published any statement which is intended by the defendant or any other person to promote the sale of any article as a medicine, preparation, or appliance for the prevention, alleviation, or cure of any human ailment or physical defect, and which is false in any material particular relating to the ingredients, composition, structure, nature, or operation of that article, or to the effects which have followed, or may follow, the use thereof."

For a first offence an offender may be fined anything up to £100, while any subsequent conviction carries with it liability to a fine not exceeding £200.

Moreover, the proprietors, printers, and publishers of the paper which publishes the misleading advertisement are equally liable to punishment.

What a fluttering there would be in *some* advertising and newspaper dovecots if this law were to be introduced here!

CHEEK.

"Mariner's Feat," says a contemporary, describing a gallant act of salvage at sea. No odious comparison with the policeman's understandings is intended.

* * *

Reading of a "dead village" in plague-stricken Manchuria, the oldest inhabitant said, in the intervals of long draughts of ale, that he'd back his own little Stowford-in-the-Mud against any on 'em.

* * *

Horrible! The "Daily Mail," describing a dilapidated inn owned by a noble earl, says: "In that room he (the innkeeper) cooked and served his customers." And in enlightened England, too!

* * *

Were they on toast; or served with scare sauce?

* * *

Science is leaving us few discoveries to make in these days. It has just been announced that if you keep your face towards the sunshine the shadows will fall behind you. Just think of that now! Deary me!

* * *

Korngold is the name of the latest boy composer. Great things are expected of him, with a name like that. He is probably busy making notes.

* * *

"In old days," says Captain Swinton, "people liked to live on the road." Motorists have an idea that the pastime is still popular.

* * *

A Lowestoft windmill has been burned down. Not as a protest against this new-fangled bread, we understand.

* * *

The coming celebration of the Norman millenary has no reference to Paris hats. It's a purely historical affair.

* * *

John Burns admits that he has not yet found a satisfactory means of dealing with dazzling headlights on motor-cars. Well, John, some things must be winked at, or blinked at, and with both eyes, too.

* * *

"When I am properly drunk I am all on one side," said a visitor to the Lambeth magistrate. Was it a list to port, or merely full *in*side?

* * *

And yet the "Evening News" sobs: "We have lost our drinkers." Until this confession appeared I had no idea the popular "Evening" had any of them.

"TOUCHANGO."

GRAYLING.

A GOOD SPORTING FISH.

The grayling is a sort of cousin of the trout, but they do not get on well together, for the latter suspects the former, and not without reason, of eating trout ova.

From the angler's point of view, however, the grayling is a good game fish who gives excellent sport, more particularly from July on to December.

Grayling will take either the wet or the dry fly, but while they will rise to such ordinary trout flies as the Wickham, it is better to use special flies for grayling. The best, perhaps, is the fly known as "Brunton's Fancy," but gold witch, red tag, and green insect are also very good.

Small flies and very fine gut are the rule for grayling, for they are shier of gut than trout.

A big grayling is a difficult fish to land, for he is strong and none knows better than he how to take advantage of weeds.

The best plan is to rush him from the moment he is hooked, never letting him get his head.

HIGHLY-STRUNG BOXERS.

MODERN MEN OF THE RING.

Many people imagine that professional boxers are men without "nerves," who can take the punishment they do simply because they are not so sensible to pain as ordinary men.

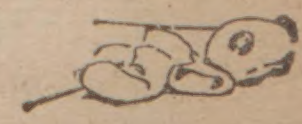
It is true that, more especially among the heavy-weights, you sometimes meet with dull, semi-brutalised men, but that is a type fast becoming extinct. Boxers of the first class are usually highly-strung men, and outside the Ring often extremely "jumpy." I remember a well-known boxing manager telling me that he had known heavy-weights who were quite as difficult to manage as any fashionable singer or actor.

The possession of the "artistic temperament" is not incompatible with pugilism.

Boxers often cry like women after defeat, not because they have been hurt, but because they are so sensitive.

They are often also exceedingly nervous about their health, and a trifling ailment will send them wailing and complaining all over the place.

Others again are extremely superstitious, and the modern "pug" has often as many mascots and luck-bringing charms as a popular actress.



"MRS. BULL'S" MODESTY.

A FURTHER OPEN LETTER BY H. GRAY-REID.

"MRS. BULL,"

Madam, I do not know whether it is of much use to write to you, for I gather that your ideas as to how a paper should be conducted are fixed, and are not likely to be influenced by any suggestions or criticisms that I may make.

Nevertheless, I venture to address this open letter to you, in the hope that, though it is scarcely likely to induce you to mend your ways, it may possibly be the means of influencing you to modify the tone of your journal.

On the front cover of your paper appears an illustration which is presumably intended to be a portrait of yourself.

You are depicted as a comfortable, motherly person, knitting, with a cat watching the ball of worsted on the floor.

I observe that the picture has been drawn by Mr. Lawson Wood, one of the most clever of present-day artists. I suppose he was instructed to draw a motherly person, and a clever Press artist can do almost anything to order.

WHAT WOULD THE PORTRAIT BE?

As this picture appeared in the first number of your paper I presume that Mr. Lawson Wood did it without knowing anything about you or your ideals. I should be much interested to see a portrait of you, done by a clever artist who *had* read your pages. I do not think he would be likely to picture you as a motherly person.

Madam, it is an astonishing thing to me that your paper should have any circulation at all amongst women, and I should very much like to meet and to study some of your readers.

Your paper, in my humble opinion, is nauseously suggestive. As one who studies publications, I am interested in it as a curiosity. I should certainly never read it otherwise.

In your issue marked Vol. 1, No. 19, the third paragraph of the front page is entitled "A BOARDING-SCHOOL TRAGEDY." In this paragraph you make certain cryptic statements as to a "ghastly story" which you allege reaches you from Eastbourne, and you further add that it is about "a terrible cloud which has been cast over one of the leading boarding-schools for girls."

You continue the paragraph with certain allegations and suggestions that I do not propose to reproduce here, even in my criticism of you, for they would only be distasteful and nauseous to the healthy-minded readers of this paper.

You mention that "My Special Commissioner is on the track, but superhuman efforts are being made to hush the matter up."

Madam, it seems to me that wherever there is filth, or even a suggestion of it, there is your "Special Commissioner" likely to be "on the track."

KNOWLEDGE OF GOOD AND EVIL.

In your issue numbered Vol. 1, No. 20, there appears an article entitled "The Folly of Not 'Knowing.'" I observe that you have made this article the subject of some of your posters.

The article recommends that children should be taught at an early age concerning matters of sex and physiology. Your contributor says that girls and boys going out into the world without such knowledge run great risks. You are careful not to give in the article any such physiological or sexual information as you recommend, but only to deal with the matter just sufficiently to tickle the palates of the prurient.

Madam, I should have looked to you for more delicacy. There is a censorship of plays, and I wish there were a censorship regarding the titles which papers may assume, for if there were such a censorship, I do not think that you would have been permitted to call yourself "Mrs. Bull," for most certainly you do not represent the best feminine element of the nation.

I do not propose to quote extensively from the article in question, because, in my opinion, it is disgusting, but I quote a small part. It is this:

"It is astounding to realise the absolute lack of preparation for facing the realities of life with which most girls are endowed at the beginning of their career. They are told in the nursery the old fable of the 'doctor's bag' or the 'gooseberry bush.'"

Long may such fables be continued!

THE GOOD OLD WAY.

We have bred a race that is more than fit to keep its place in the world, a race that has won for the meanest subject the fullest liberty, and that also possesses the necessary amount of energy to send its sons to the ends of the earth to cultivate the soil that has been barren, and to bring to savage countries that peace and prosperity which is associated with the name of Britain.

The Frenchman and the French mother are essentially different from the Englishman and the English mother. I do not propose to follow your lead, Madam, by dealing with the advice that a French father gives to his son, or with that which a French mother gives to her daughter. Our English methods, happily, are different.

The English boy or the English girl learns at his mother's knee to say his prayers, and to have a simple and devout religious belief. He grows up, and goes out into the world without any particular advice from his father, for it is not necessary. Conscience tells him what is right and what is wrong, and the memory of his mother helps him to make the right choice.

He grows up and marries, and eventually has children of his own, and he and his wife treat them as his parents treated him.

SHALL WE CHANGE IT?

The matters with which you deal so much, Madam, are kept in the background, and the children are allowed to remain in ignorance as to their physical origin until they are old enough to understand such things thoroughly.

It is the English way. It has proved quite satisfactory so far, and I do not think that we are likely to change our system because of anything that may appear in your prurient pages.

I observe that your much advertised serial story, "Sekhet," is now running in your journal. I also observe among your editorial notes the following paragraph:

"CONCERNING 'SEKHET.'

"'Dear Spouse of Mr. B.,' writes a correspondent. '*Re* the unknown author of "Sekhet," I think it may interest you to know that by careful debate a lot of us have arrived at the truth. Modesty and a retiring temperament are much to be admired, and come as a great surprise when considering the personality of the author! You will see by now that *some* of your readers, at least, have tumbled to the fact that this unknown author is—yourself.' Fancy! What a Sherlock Holmes the young man must be!"

Apparently you do not repudiate the suggestion that the story "Sekhet" is being written by yourself, and I should not be surprised if your correspondent's suggestion proved to be correct, for the story is in every way worthy of your pages. I have dipped a little into that story, and my opinion of it is that it is disgusting.

NICE?

You say in the synopsis that appears at the beginning:

"The girl has already given him her heart, but although she has declared her resolve under no provocation whatever to permit herself to be stained by dishonour, the end of the last instalment finds her weakening in her intention."

Your paper appears to live, Madam, by suggestions of immorality, often cloaked by the pretence that you are throwing light upon dark spots that will thus be made white.

Everyone knows that this is but a pretence, and everyone knows that your suggestive articles and stories are not intended to benefit mankind, but are merely calculated to build up a circulation by pandering to the prurient.

I sincerely trust that you will not be successful.

In my opinion, Madam, your paper is an insult and a libel to the sex for whom you profess to cater, and a blot upon the cleanness of British journalism.

H. GRAY-REID.

RAILWAY BAR FRAUDS.

There is no other word for it; many of the prices charged at the refreshment rooms on some of our railways are so scandalously high that they amount to positive fraud.

In some cases there are rooms for first, second, and third class travellers, and though the drinks and refreshments sold in each are identical in their vile quality and skimpy quantity, the prices are exorbitant in the third-class rooms, extortionate in the second-class, and positive swindles in the first-class rooms. The worst of it is that in many cases there is hardly anything to distinguish one class room from another, and only when about tenpence returns to you out of a florin, after a drink and a snack of food, do you begin to realise where you are. Then the obliging barmaid shows you a printed list of charges, and so adds insult to injury.

CLUB NEWS.

LIVERPOOL.—At the first general meeting of the Liverpool MODERN MAN Club, the following officials were elected: Mr. J. A. Shepherd, President; Mr. S. Williams and Mr. F. S. Dobson, Vice-Presidents; Mr. Hargreaves, Treasurer; Mr. H. Jones, Secretary. His address is 52, Scotland Road, Liverpool, and all Liverpool readers are invited to communicate with him and to give him their support.

ABERDEEN.—Mr. J. A. Campbell, 9, Watson Street, Aberdeen, is organising a MODERN MAN Club in that city. We trust that every Aberdeen reader will support him. This Club is going to be a big success.

NORWICH.—Mr. D. Edwards, Secretary of the Norwich MODERN MAN Club, informs us that a whist drive is to be held at the "White Hart," St. Peter's, at 8 o'clock on Monday evening, March 20, the day on which this number is published. Tickets cost 6d. each, and are to be had from Mr. Edwards at 20, Orford Place, Norwich, or from Mr. R. Chaplin, 83, St. Giles Street, Norwich.

SHEFFIELD.—Mr. W. Jones, 183, Wallace Road, Sheffield, is organising a Sheffield MODERN MAN Club. He writes: "I don't see why a town of this size should be without its M. M. Club. Neither do we. Of course all Sheffield readers will help Mr. Jones in his work of organisation.

NEWCASTLE.—The smoking concert recently held in connection with the Newcastle and District MODERN MAN Club was a complete success. The Club Rooms at 10, Summerhill Terrace, Newcastle, are now open, and a hearty welcome is offered to any reader who honours the Club with a visit. The Secretary is Mr. S. B. Forster, 26, Avenue Road, Gateshead, and those desirous of joining should write to him.

MANCHESTER.—The first smoking concert in connection with the Manchester MODERN MAN Club will be held on Saturday, April 1, at 7.30 p.m. at the "Clarion Café," Market Street, Manchester. Tickets, which cost 1s. 6d. and include refreshments, are to be had from the Secretary, Mr. A. S. Pellant, 9, Joule Street, Blackley.

BELFAST.—Excellent club rooms have now been obtained at 12, Waring Street, Belfast. Those who desire to join should write to the Secretary, Mr. R. Boyd, 17, India Street, Belfast.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

Mr. SAVORY'S LAST 'NATIONAL

By BERNARD MACKLIN.

Just outside the City of Liverpool is a pretty little hostelry, the excellence of which lies not in the decoration of the saloon bar, but, rather, in the absence of fusel oil from the special Scotch and the entire lack of artificial maturing preparations in the rich old ale.

For generations the name of Savory has been identified with the house, and as the forty-fifth year of the presiding genius, Thomas of that ilk, approached, it seemed that the odds on his remaining a bachelor were such as the "heads" of Tattersall's would cheerfully bet on Bayardo over a Cup distance against the proverbial donkey.

Now, I was honoured with the friendship of the last of the Savorys and, for that reason, an inauspicious March day of last year did not succeed in breaking my old custom of paying at least one visit to the outlying "Chippenham Arms" when my business in Liverpool was done.

Despite the weather, the walk from the city had acclimatised me, and it was with a valuable thirst that I entered the cool, brick-floored bar of "Tom Savory's," my ears just as eager for the sound of cheery old Tom Savory's voice as were my eyes for the sight of his well-filled waistcoat.

I entered. . . . somehow the coolth within seemed to chill. Then, in the corner, I heard the grating of a foot on the sanded floor and "Hullo, Major," that I recognised as the gruff tones of "Owbridge" Ockleford, an ex-steeplechase jockey who had suffered from a lack of voice ever since a never-to-be-forgotten ducking in Beecher's Brook.

He was reading with but fitful interest a discourse on the Anti-Betting Bill *in the "Daily News."* If you happen to have known "Tom Savory's" in the old days you will not wonder why those last words have half-fallen to the right.

The "Daily News" in Tom Savory's! One might as well expect to see a ha'penny comic in the Athenæum.

"Owbridge" seeming strangely uncommunicative, I brought my ash down smartly on the counter according to the ancient usage and called out, "Tom!"

And then—it is impossible for me to convey the extent of the shock that I sustained—a stern-faced *woman* appeared behind the bar.

"Were you inquiring for my husband?" she asked. "Are you one of his *racing* friends?"

"Owbridge" saved me.

"Not at all, madam," he said, with abject politeness. "This gentleman's a traveller in a cockroach-exterminator. He only wants——"

"A glass of your famous old ale," I managed to stammer.

The lady served me.

"When Mr. Savory was single," she said, "I dare say he was even extravagant enough to buy your Cockroach-exterminator (him having such big feet, too!), but we don't want any to-day. What," she added in a low tone, "is the only sort of *insect* we have here now!"

She nodded towards the inoffensive little "Owbridge," and left the bar in high dudgeon.

"Owbridge" sighed heavily as he put the *Daily News* very carefully into a thing which is called a newspaper-rack.

"And who—and who," he murmured in broken, misery accents, looking carefully around to see that the amazing Mrs. Savory was out of earshot, "would think that, in the old days, when a fellow wanted one of the six copies of the 'Sportsman' or the 'Life' he always put his hand on the floor and *found* it there? . . . Oh, *you* don't know 'ow this place 'as sadly changed . . . . 'ow every bloomin' thing 'as changed. I say—*you* remember those little parties old Tom and me and the boys (and sometimes you included) used to make up to go to the two back-end Big 'uns? Well—they're done with—scratched—wiped off the map—gone for ever!"

The depressed Mr. Ockleford buried his nose

in his tankard and partook of that which alone held him to what was once "Tom Savory's."

"Tom did it," he went on, "just about this time last year. 'E'd fancied 'er, 'e said, for years. Used to 'ave a sneakin' regard for 'er until 'er first 'usband—a fortunate feller now out of all 'andicaps—married her. The first 'usband struggled on for a few furlongs, as you might say, and 'ad to turn it up. Then Tom announced 'is engagement to us, one day, and it was such a day that those of us 'oo weren't carried 'ome went to sleep 'appy and pally-like in each other's arms on this very floor. It was a red-letter day even for us—and *we* weren't exactly spendin' our lives in the same stable as Dull Care, were we?

"'Owever, to come to the 'osses, Tom wasn't for no long engagements. The sooner, 'e said, humorous like, that the Succession was established the better. . . . The occasion was suitably marked by a blue-nose day, and that was the last of *them.*"

"Owbridge" applied a match to a clay pipe that possessed nothing but the charred remains of bygone cutty plug, and continued in such strains as Hannibal might have described the dilapidation of Carthage stone by stone.

"Inside three weeks the missus had taken sole and complete charge of the finances. Old Tom took it all peaceable. He was for finishing 'is life in quietness an' the bosom of his newly-established family. All 'e said was:

"'My dear, I must make one little stipulation in favour of myself, before makin' this capital over to you, and that is: I claim the right to visit the Aintree race-meetin's when I like. The 'abit's grown on me,' he says, 'and it would be like robbin' me of a fortnight o' dinners—to keep me away from the meetin's.'

"'Write it down, *darlin'*,' says Mrs. S. (the vixen!) And Tom wrote it just as I said—the right to visit Aintree race-meetin's when he liked. . . Now, sir, per'aps you can trace a legal weakness in that little sentinks? *I* did on sight.

"'Tom,' I says, 'you hain't mentioned nothin' about rhino for exes, etcet'ra? Where's the little parcel comin' from to put on our "triers" from Over-the-way?' referrin' to a Northern stable from whence I got good things.

"'Oh, that'll be all right,' says Tom.

"But—my ghost—*was* it? That's what *I* say, *was* it? Oh, it's all the world to nothin' it worn't! W'y, the very night that she 'ad this thing properly sealed, signed *and* delivered, she made up the tills in each o' the three bars 'erself, and findin' one a dollar short, accordin' to the checkin', she asks Tom where it was.

"'In the pocket o' some brass-hatted bookie, by now,' he says. 'Ockleford went to Kempton to-day and just put a fancy dollar on one o' the Over-the-way horses for me. Another little five shill'n's gone bang,' the jackass laughs, little thinkin' what a fatal bit o' wit *that* was.

"'I'm glad you look at it so sensible,' Mrs. S. says, 'because it's the last five shillin's of ours that's goin' into the pockets o' those men. Bookbinders is rich, and ready to ruin idjits like you,' she says. Yes; bookbinders *she* said—and to *Tommy*, 'oos average winnin's for the last twenty years wasn't a penny under two or three 'undred quid per annum, 'cause, though 'e backed small, 'e backed lucky. 'E knew the secret o' backin' 'orses, which is the courage to pack up when you're a winner on the day. It's simple, but it takes some learnin', I can tell you.

"To resoom. What prospect was there for poor old Tom? (And the National rapidly nearin', too!) Why, 'e didn't possess a thousand to three chance. Go to the National? Oh, yes 'e could *go* right enough, but what was the use of goin' if 'e 'adn't his usual fiver on somethin' which by virtue of a long run of alleged misfortune was now chucked in?"

"Owbridge" surveyed me with the disgusted expression of a man who, although of a patient and forbearing disposition, yet has certain well-defined absolute limits. In *his* case, when he conferred the sunshine of his presence on a race-meeting a "little bit on" was a *sine qua non.*

"Poor old Thomas! *I've* seen harrowin' sights in my lifetime: I ha' seen the only chance of the year's corn-bill bein' paid beaten a short 'ead on the last day of flat-racin' proper at Manchester; but for somethin' to take your heart out, let me recommend you to the spectacle of Thomas Savory, Esquire, on the Thursday immediately precedin' the National of Nineteen-Ten. My partic'ler acquaintance in racin' circles had it straight, and we'd all had it straight, that Jenkinstown was a stone certainty for the Lepper's Derby, providin' he stood up. And the prospect of old Tom gettin' as much as sixpence each way on the 'orse seemed as futile as expectin' two-year-olds to be'ave like racehorses on their first outin'. We offered him small bets to nothin'. But Tom wasn't the sort of chap to bet like that. He'd tried all ways of riggin' his own till without success, and by 3 p.m. that afternoon in question he was in the depths of despair.

"Not as much as tryin' to spare him one little bit of agony, the missus reminds him that the possibility of his pockets bein' searched before he left the house to see the big 'un on the morrow, was by no means a twenty-to-one offered one. She was determined, she said, to stamp this gamblin' spirit out of him. And she tried to gloss it over by sayin' that she thought racehorses were a very pretty sight when you saw them runnin'. *Pretty*, mind you—as if she was talkin' about a lot of ballet girls.

"Poor old Tom takes it like a lamb and puts in a query about a veal and 'am pie which he is in the habit of sendin' to Dicky Stollery, the bookie, in Tatt.'s, just before racin' on National day. The only thing left for him to look after, you'll note, was his locus standy. The custom was an old one, and the fat cook at his place can make Derby winners of pies. They reg'lar melt in your mouth. . . . Well, the missus hums and ha's over Tom's remark. Why should they give a veal and 'am pie to a bookmaker? 'I shall look such a fool if I don't,' says Tom. 'And besides, Dicky might think I'd got an inhospitable wife, see?' he says.

"Mrs. S. promptly smiles, and after a time compromises with a pork pie, which ain't so expensive, addin' that if the bookbinder only valued his (Tom Savory's) friendship by the *in*trinsic value of the pie 'e sent 'im, his friendship wasn't worth keepin'.

"That did it. Tom gives it up, and Mrs. Savory walks out of the bar to order a special pork pie, of dimensions equivalent to Mr. Stollery's

usual appetite. And—'oo do you think walked into the bar?"

"Owbridge" propounded the question with the air of a Sherlock Holmes elucidating a mystery.

I shook my head.

"Why a Mr. Nemesis!" exclaimed Mr. Ockleford, "a chap of the same monicker as a promisin' two-year-old I've often lost over. Funny name for an Englishman, I'll admit, but they were Tom's words when he told me about it on the Saturday. 'Nemesis came in,' 'e said.

"Now, this 'ere Nemesis 'ad owed old Tom a fiver for donkeys years, and 'e surprises Tom by 'andin' 'im a five-pun-note immediately on entry.

"Mark that, sir. A five-pun-note, and the missus was out of the bar. Also, in spite of the topsy-turviness of everything at 'Tom Savory's,' the good old National was still goin' to be run the next day. You see the connection? Tom tips Nemesis the wink to shut up jawin' about it as if 'e'd *given* 'im a fiver for a present (which is the way of the few borrowers who pay back) and serves 'im with a mug of ale, pickin' up the coppers and markin' 'em on the check register as usual.

"That Nemesis, sayin' not another half word about it, leaves the bar.

"Then the missus returns, and takes up 'er accustomed place, where she could 'ave an eye on all the tills and the new barman at once; and Tom Savory gets permission to go and 'ave 'is usual afternoon nap on the sofa in the sittin' room.

"Now do you tumble to the position? 'Ere was Tom with a fiver of which 'e could not possibly be asked to render any account; 'ere, too, was the knotty problem afore 'im, as to 'ow to get it out of the 'ouse undetected on the morrow, so as 'e could 'ave that fiver on Jenkinstown. Crossin' to the sittin' room, a brilliant idea strikes 'is napper. He tip-toes into the kitchen—seekin' to make a confederate of the faithful old cook! (who, at one time, would ha' been wil in' to bet a year's wages that if Tom was ever goin' to offer himself as the added money in the Marriage Stakes, 'er chance wasn't less than an even-money one).

"Well, he succeeds. Cookie says she'll do that for him for the sake of the love she once bore him. . . . Do *what?* Why can't you see that, of course, Tommy wrote a note to Stollery and wrapped it round the fiver.

"And the note said:

"'*Can't get up to Tattersall's to-day. Put me five pounds to win at S.P. on Jenkinstown. If winner, settle afterwards in the Ormskirk Arms.*—Tom Savory.'

"Now do you twig the wheeze?"

I suppose my face must have shown that I did not see, even then, how the cook was going to get the note past the eagle eye of Mrs. Savory.

"Why, she was going to put it in the top of the pie," said "Owbridge" "And cook it? No. Good heavens! I can see you're no blinkin' Escoffier at six-stone-six. She was goin' to wait until the pie was almost done. Then, the manœuvre was to lift up the crust, insert the note, gum up the crust again with beaten white of egg pasted on with a brush, put it into the oven for a second or two to harden—and there you are.

"'Tomorrow,' says Tommy to the cook, 'all you've to do is to give it to the Ostler to take up to Tattersall's for Mr. Stollery—and my fiver will be safely on Jenkinstown, win or lose!'

"You can imagine the glee with which old Tom would say this. A bet in the National after all, and incidentally one to the Old Man, for thus eludin' the missus! . . . Yes; 'e told me it actually felt like *that*—over 'is own money, too!"

Mr. Ockleford finished the beer in his tankard with some gusto.

"Well, on the Friday, Tom finicks himself up a bit in case of meetin' old pals, yet he makes a clean sweep to avoid this, as 'e was goin' to watch the racin' from the open course—for the first time in his life.

"'E 'ad, naturally, 'is old race-glasses, and at one-thirty precisely 'e notes from a distance Dicky Stollery makin' 'is usual pre-Grand National meal. Retirin' to a spot fairly far from the maddin' crowd, 'e sits down and takes but little note of the racin' until the parade for the Grand National.

"Well, sir, you don't want *me* to tell you 'ow Jenkinstown doddled 'ome by three lengths in front of Jerry M., who in turn was three lengths ahead of Odor. Details of a memory like that would perhaps be painful—and Jenkinstown a hundred to eight chance, too! . . . You did the second each way. Pardon!"

Mr. Ockleford laughed, but there was much bitterness in it.

"Well," he said, "you came off a dam' sight better than poor Tom Savory!"

"C me now, 'Owbridge,'" I said. "Dick Stollery never welshed a man in his life."

"Of *course* not. But listen 'ere," said Mr. Ockleford. "Soon as Tom got 'ome his wife, in a much better frame of mind, meets 'im at the door.

"'Tom,' she says, 'after all, I thought that it was my duty to preserve my 'usband's dignity,' she says.

"'You'll be pleased to 'ear,' she goes on, 'that your loving wife sent to your friend, Mr. Stollery, this day *'is usual veal and 'am pie!*'"

BESPECTACLED "TOMMIES."

While the Army officer with a "window-pane" in his eye is a common enough sight, you seldom see a soldier wearing spectacles or eye-glasses.

Nevertheless, there is no reason why he should not do so, for the King's Regulations distinctly state that "Glasses may be worn by all ranks on or off duty."

After all, when it is remembered that there have been bespectacled cricketers, and even Association footballers of the first rank, it is clear that the necessity for wearing glasses does not militate against soldierly efficiency.

CARE OF A CROQUET LAWN.

Spring is the best time for weeding and dressing a croquet lawn. The first dressing should be of fine earth, well sifted, or sand. After dressing, it is a good plan to drag a heavy plank along the ground.

For the second dressing, if the grass is poor, a little guano or soot may be mixed with fine leaf mould, in addition to the ordinary earth or sand.

A third and final dressing is necessary, after which the lawn should be well swept and then cut and rolled in the ordinary way.

If sowing is necessary, it should be done just before or at the same time as a dressing.

A CHARM OF GOLF.

One of the greatest charms of golf lies in the fact that at it the crack and the duffer can be brought together on equal terms in a way that is scarcely possible at any other game.

Every member of a golf club has his handicap, and when he meets with a new opponent it is the simplest thing in the world to find out on what terms they should play so as to make an equal match of it. Thus the 10 handicap man gets 10 strokes from the scratch player.

A movement is on foot for establishing a similar principle at billiards, and it will be a good thing for the game if it can be worked out. At present there is no recognised standard of form, and if you play with a stranger you probably have to play two or three games before you can arrive at a fair handicap.

Of course, the system does not always work out satisfactorily at golf. For example, a man who is "scratch" in a difficult course like Sandwich is probably a better player than the scratch player of a short, easy inland course.

Still, it answers very well on the whole, and enables all classes of players to meet on pretty equal terms.

THE STRENGTH OF A TEAM

SOME POINTS THAT DIVIDE POWER FROM WEAKNESS.

By "JOCK" HAMILTON (of the Brentford F.C.)

In almost every paper nowadays there is a special portion among the advertisements devoted to "Football Challenges," and in them we read that the Primrose Hill Athletic (strong medium) or the Shepherd's Bush Brigands (strong), or the Greenwich Grenvilles (weak), and so on, want matches.

Now it would be interesting to consider what actually constitutes "strength" in a team—what vital qualities divide a "strong" team from a "weak" or "weak medium" one, and so on.

It is unfortunately impossible for Association football clubs to have handicaps like individual golfers, and it is, therefore, rather difficult to arrive at any standard by which the strength of teams can be gauged.

It is certainly not the average physical strength of each member of the team, for obviously you could get together eleven brawny men from mediocre teams and pit them against a side made up of slight players from crack teams—and the physically "weaker" combination would dominate the game from start to finish.

Again, strength does not simply mean power in rushing tactics, neither hefty tackling, fast sprinting, or "express" shooting at goal.

If you are a football captain, reader, you are, doubtless, more than a little concerned to make your team as strong as possible. Well, as far as I am able, I will endeavour to give you some hints that may help you towards this end.

First of all get as much practice as you can possibly manage. Don't let your men shirk this department. A side that never turns out for practice but only takes the field for weekly matches will never be much good, however much latent talent there may be in it. And, inversely, a weak, straggling team may be trained into a really clever combination if the captain knows his business, and gives his men a good "gruelling" occasionally.

There is a good old racing maxim that applies equally aptly to football—namely, that the shabbiest colts often make the best horses. But—and, mark you, it is a big "but"—they must be *trained.*

If you are only a small club with no "second eleven" and no "reserve" players, here is an excellent way of conducting practice. Form your eleven into two "sides," one attacking—*i.e.*, the forwards—and the other defending, to wit, the halves, backs, and goalkeeper. Let the forwards do as they can to get through the other's guard, as they were; and see that the "defence" exert themselves equally strenuously to "bottle up" the attack.

Of course, such contests are bound to be rather one-sided, for there are six defenders to five attackers; but never mind. Every man in the team will benefit in science. The defence will learn all sorts of tricks of combination, while the forwards, to make any sort of headway against such unequal odds, will have to develop a lot of cunning; all sorts of "ikey" dodges—to use a football term—which will stand them in good stead in actual matches.

What is more, the whole eleven will gain a greater insight into each other's individuality than they could in any number of casual "forty-fives" against strange teams.

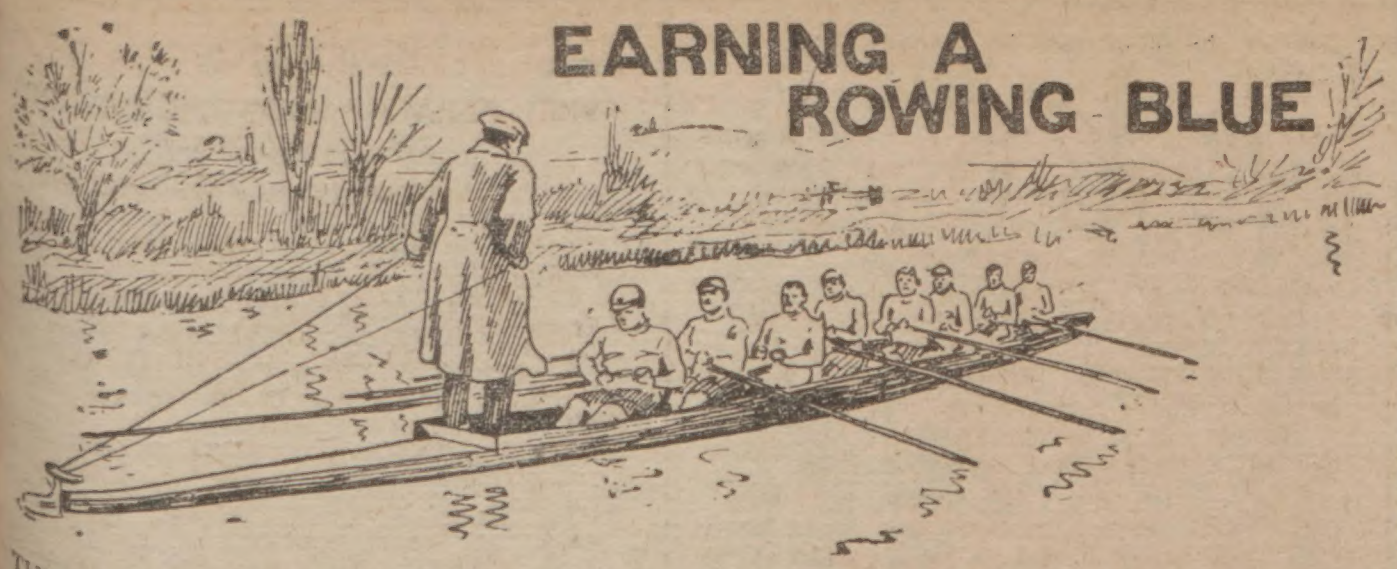
Simple though it may seem, this is *the* great secret of real strength—a thorough knowledge of each other's game.

A team without combination is useless, however good the individual players may be.

Finally, a word about home exercise for general fitness. Most football players are business men, and I don't agree with early morning exercise for such men. Take some exercise, say, half an hour *after* the evening meal. If there is open ground near your home, you can practise kicking, sprinting or high-jumping; but if not, a quiet run in a sweater, &c., or a good walk will be all you want.

JOCK HAMILTON.

EARNING A ROWING BLUE



THE MAKING OF A 'VARSITY OARSMAN.

There was a time when to say that a man had got his Blue at Oxford or Cambridge practically implied that he was a rowing man. To-day, there are many branches of athletics at which a man can earn the coveted distinction ; but still none ranks so high, either in popular estimation or in that of the undergraduate himself, as that which is won on the river.

The cricket Blue can also play for his University at football and can represent it in other forms of athletics, but the rowing Blue is a rowing Blue first and foremost and all the time.

At least he could not win distinction in any of the first-class sports in the same year as that in which he rowed at Putney. A whole year's continual work is, with very few exceptions, necessary to secure a place in the boat, and it is seldom that a Freshman, unless he comes up with a reputation from Eton—about the only school whose style is "recognised" at the 'Varsities—gets his Blue in his first year.

To realise the advantage that the rowing man possesses who has gained his early experience at Eton in his more receptive school days, you have only to look at the lists of the two crews that will compete in this year's Boat Race.

A BIG START.

These men who come up as oars of no mean skill escape the drudgery that falls to the lot of the ordinary Freshmen, for they are probably pounced upon by the President and find a place in one of the Trial Eights during their first term.

The man without experience, however, spends the first few weeks of the winter term in learning the rudiments of oarsmanship from the "coaches" or ex-eightsmen of his college. This process is known as "tubbing," a "tub" being a pair-oared boat which is broad in the beam but by no means as stable as its name would suggest.

From this he passes into one of his college fours, which race against each other after a few weeks' coaching in heavy clinker-built boats.

Then he gets for the first time into an eight, and his life is a misery to him for a while. There is a good deal of fun to be had by watching the boats on the Isis and the Cam in November and early December.

FUN FOR THE ONLOOKER.

The majority of the crews are novices, and when bow is not catching a crab, stroke is slipping his oar out of the rowlock, or "four" is hitting "five" in the back, or cox is getting across the river and holding up the 'Varsity boat, a crime which costs his college boat club half-a-guinea as a fine to the 'Varsity boat club.

Even the coaches provide some amusement. Here and there on the towpath is one, who is a better man in a boat than in the saddle, accompanying his crew on horseback. Others are swaying dangerously in the endeavour to stand in the stern of an eight, so that they may keep an eye on their men at close quarters.

In the middle of the Easter term come the "Torpids"—better known as the "Toggers"—at Oxford and the "Lents" at Cambridge. Here the fresher gets his first experience of a bumping race, which enables ten or twelve boats to row at the same time.

A month or two later, in the summer term, come the "Eights," or "Mays," as they are known at Oxford and Cambridge respectively. It is not until he is being tried for these that the novice makes his first acquaintance with a sliding seat, and probably not until he is actually selected to row for his college that he climbs into a light boat for the first time.

Only the last three weeks of the summer term can the rowing man really call his own, and if his college is putting on a boat at Henley he will not be free even then.

The 'Varsity rowing man does not only visit the river on Saturday afternoon. From two to four hours every week-day afternoon during term time he spends either toiling at the oar or waiting his turn on the barge or in the dressing-room.

THE TRIALS.

At the beginning of the winter term each college boat club is invited to recommend at least two members to be tried for the two Trial Eights, which race against each other in November, over a course only about half the length of the full Boat Race course, but still far longer than that of the ordinary college races.

Having proved his worth in one of these crews —not necessarily the winning one—the oarsman may be tried for the 'Varsity crew, together with those available Old Blues whose style was sufficiently well known to make it unnecessary for them to row in the Trials.

After a good deal of shuffling the crew is finally arranged. Those members who did not formerly possess them may wear the longed-for blue cap and blazer, and the eight settle down to the weeks of training and hard work at Henley or Bourne End, and at Putney, that face them before they take off their sweaters at the starting-point on the fateful day.

J. Gervaise.

A USEFUL BOXING DODGE.

Here is an accomplishment which is well worth acquiring, especially if you are not over-heavy, for it will add fifty per cent. to your "cleverness" and mystify most men with whom you are brought into contact.

It is a form of tactics known as "changing your feet," and the average amateur is hardly ever taught it. Most of us are right-handed boxers ; and thus we are generally more or less embarrassed when we find ourselves pitted against a man who fights left-handed—*i.e.*, "leads" with his right and guards with his left. How much more, then, are we at a loss when we find a man sparring up at us one moment left-handed, and right-handed the next?

That in a nutshell is "changing your feet." Try it before a long mirror in private, until you can do it with the maximum of ease and deceptiveness. Stand in position as though about to strike out in the ordinary way with your left, and then as quickly as you can, change your feet with a smart spring.

But it is of no use trying this until you have cultivated a strong punch with your right, so that you can "lead" with it as you would with the left.

CLEANING UP.

CONCERNING HOT AND COLD BATHS.

To some men their bath is part of their religion. They would no more think of omitting their cold tub in the morning than of omitting their breakfast or their dinner.

I have nothing to say against these worthy people, for the morning cold bath is a most excellent and healthy practice.

But so many of them persist in preaching its virtues to others, not realising that although it may agree with them, it may be positively dangerous to the health of others.

The effect of the cold bath is to drive the blood back to the heart and to stimulate the circulation. The reaction that follows, which has such a pleasant and invigorating effect, is the result of the blood rushing back to the skin when you leave the water.

For some constitutions, however, the shock of entering the water and the subsequent reaction is too strong, and if you feel any bad effects from cold baths do not persist in taking them from a mistaken idea that they are good for you.

The simple remedy is to get into tepid water and gradually to reduce the temperature, or, better still, to stand in the bath and content yourself with a cold sponge-down.

As far as cleanliness is concerned—and, indeed, most of the benefits of the cold bath —a good sponge-down is just as effective, provided it is followed by a good rub with a rough towel.

The cold bath has the effect of hardening the muscles and bracing you up for the work of the day. It should never be taken, however, after violent exercise.

Apart from the additional danger of the shock when the body is heated, what you want when the muscles are tired in this way is to relax them rather than to stiffen them.

After exercise or at the end of the day's labours you can fully appreciate the sedative effect of a warm bath, which draws the blood to the surface of the body and relaxes and relieves the muscles. It can also provide relief for the brain-worker, since it draws the blood to the limbs and away from the head, so relieving headaches.

It is a good plan never to take a very hot bath, except just before going to bed, or at least when you are not likely to have to go out of doors for some hours.

That aid to cleanliness, the loofah, is no longer used so much as it used to be, but its rough surface forms an excellent medium for rubbing on the soap, and cleans the pores in a way that rubbing with the hand could never do.

Some men use an indiarubber sponge with which to apply the soap to their skin, and this is an excellent medium. But the sponge should be kept for this purpose only.

A natural sponge must, of course, never be soaped, and should be kept as much as possible out of soapy water or it will become greasy and most unpleasant to touch.

For thoroughly cleansing the face and upper part of the body there is nothing like the vapour bath. For this all you need is a basin full of boiling water and a towel which can be put over your head so as to keep the steam in. This will induce a perspiration that will cleanse the pores and should be followed by a good hard rub-down.

There are many other varieties of bath which each has its advantages, such as mustard baths, bran baths, salt-water baths, mud baths, scent baths, electric baths, and so on. But these have medicinal values of their own, and are naturally not taken with a view to cleanliness, for some of them necessitate a good clean-up afterwards.

For cleansing purposes pure hot water at a temperature between 98 deg. and 110 deg. is the thing. Cold water is not nearly so effective.

E. L. Robertson.

INTO THE WOODS.

A SPRING RAMBLE OFF THE HIGH ROAD.

It was late autumn when last I went into the woods, and the intervening four months of the year have passed without more than a passing glance on my part into their bare and deserted depths. Rains descended with such regularity as to wash away any hopes I had of keeping up the rambles among the trees during the winter months, and so with the rest of mankind I have kept to the high road, waiting until the "pathless woods" became passable again.

This day has just come, and I have enjoyed my first afternoon in the woods since the New Year. Even now there are difficulties and disadvantages, but the delights of an English woodland in early spring outweigh all these and make a ramble well worth while.

ON ITS LAST LEGS.

The green old gate that admits me to the leaf-strewn rides still hangs, mossy and dilapidated. How many years longer it will hold up is uncertain, but it has been on its last legs, or rather its last hinge, these many years, and seems now to be part of the rotting vegetation rather than a work of man with any purpose to serve.

As in most woods, the narrow ride takes a turn when only a few yards into the interior. This early twist must serve some purpose, but what it is I can only guess at.

Perhaps it is with a thought to poachers that the owners of woods make the woodland way to turn near the highway. The poacher who can watch the road with one eye and spot the roosting pheasants with the other has a big advantage. But when he must lurk in the rides whose ends he cannot see, he is in constant fear that at any moment a keeper may turn the corner of the drive, having stolen a march upon him on the soft and leafy ground.

AWAY FROM THE WORLD.

But the turn, whatever its purpose, has the charming effect, for the innocent rambler, of cutting off all sight and sound of the highway. Once round that bend and I can lose myself with the greatest ease. The rides wind and cross each other frequently, and five minutes after entering the wood I can scarcely say on which hand lies the road, and on which the far-stretching acres of open fields on the inner side of the wood.

Though there has already been a burst of spring-like weather, long before its due time, it has made little or no change to the wood. The drives are still sodden with winter's rain. Every footstep I take is almost a step in the dark. Beneath the first spring growths of grass and the sprouting leaves of the herbs there is soft, watery mould, half leaves and dank moss, and half mud.

The moles have made havoc with the drives. Long, humpy runs are raised across every path, and the ground is like a worn-out spring that gives but hardly rebounds.

A WETTING.

It is necessary to pick a way if one would avoid soaked feet. Even with the utmost care accidents will occur. Thus, I choose a patch of rush-covered ground to leap to where a spring breaks across the path. With a bound I am on it. Splash, squelch! I was deceived. The brown water comes up from the moss and rushes, and closes over my boot-laces. Then it sinks down in cold trickles, to the foot.

Next time I have to cross a stream I scramble into the woods and jump where the ditch is clean cut, and escape a second wetting.

The underwood is so dense on every side that hardly a touch of the keen wind is felt. Just above the tops of the young birch and hazel stems it sweeps along unhindered, and the higher trees of the wood, the oak, the occasional pine, and the dark, shadowy yew, are blown to and fro.

Forward through the trees I can just make out the cold and shivering surface of the shallow pond, little more than a swamp, into which all the oozing waters of the woodland find their way. This is the spot to which the flighting wild-duck can be seen making their way in the evening. A ghostly, slow-flapping heron, also, is sometimes here, waiting to stab some luckless fish or frog.

THE DESERTED POND.

And so I stalk carefully up to the pond, trying to reach the edge before I am detected. But it is useless. Long before I can get a full view of the sheet of water there is a warning, loud quacking, and with a great splash the ducks are up and away.

When at last I push aside the last hazel twigs and stand on the closely-nibbled grass at the edge of the water, there is not a sign of life. The place might be unknown to every wild fowl in England. And, so long as I remain there they will not return. Round and round, high up, the ducks will fly in great circles, all the time watching for my departure.

From the mass of dead and bent flags comes a croak, a harsh, repeated croak and a spreading series of waves shows where a water-hen is skulking.

A SHELTERED SPOT.

Here, sheltered by surrounding thickets, the sun warms through and through my coat, and brings to memory just an inkling of the full heat of summer, past and to come. A pipe is welcome, and I can sit comfortably for ten minutes on a rail until the sun passes behind thick woods and the chill air again prevails.

Just a little farther on the railway cuts through the wood. It makes a strange contrast. Its regular lines, stiff and equidistant telegraph poles, and level wires seem out of place where so much is wild and tangled and uncontrolled.

In a few minutes it will be dusk, and then, trespassing or not, I shall walk up the side of the line, on the path worn by platelayers, and then slip off near the signal-box to join a near road home. The white gates of a crossing stand out in the gloaming, and I can just make out the order "Shut this gate."

Willingly I obey, and pass carefully up the path, as the signal wires shake and rustle, and the great arm above me falls with a startling clatter to allow a train to pass.

Then a loud rumbling and hissing, a terrific shaking, a gleam of a fire on steam, and a glimpse into lighted carriages, and the train passes just as I reach the stile that the signalman uses. And once again I am on the high road for home.

C. Easton-Grey.

BUNKERS.

THEIR STRANGE HYPNOTIC POWERS.

In strict golfing parlance a "bunker" is a "hazard" of a particular type, but the term is now applied loosely to any obstacle in the golfer's path, and so, although trees, whins, walls, rushes, water, and so on, are properly called hazards, it will save time to include them among bunkers.

Golf is an intensely psychological game, and bunkers are most interesting in the way they demonstrate the power of the inanimate to influence and affect the animate.

A bunker is a dead thing, yet it often paralyses Man, the lord of Creation.

At Felixstowe one hole runs close and parallel to the sea, with the result that if you slice your ball when driving off, half-a-crown disappears into the ocean's hungry maw.

Now slicing is about the only golfing fault that I do not possess *in excelsis*. My tendency is to pull my drives round to square leg, but when I come to this infernal hole I regularly do the slicing act.

Why? Ah, there you have one of the mysteries of golf. I have called bunkers dead, inanimate—let me take that all back. Your true golfer knows that bunkers are powers of darkness, possessed of highly hypnotic qualities.

A man may be able in the ordinary way to send his ball soaring 170 yards or so. He can do this nine times out of ten, if he has a clear course.

But stick him on the tee, and sixty yards away put a five foot hedge across the course. Will he clear it? Nine times out of ten he won't.

It does not need a particularly good shot to carry the Swilcan Burn at St. Andrews, but I wouldn't take £1,000 for the value of half the balls that have been driven into that stream.

At the Isle of Thanet links one hole is guarded by wire netting about two feet high. Now, by way of experiment, I have thrown, rolled, bowled, and pitched golf balls at this netting—by hand, that is—and as a rule they find a way through the meshes.

But when I am playing and come to this hole, I almost invariably top my shot into this netting, and out of hundreds of shots that have struck the net full pitch, on the bounce, at all sorts of angles and speeds, *not one has ever got through.*

Can you explain this, except by admitting the super-natural nature and powers of bunkers?

They are all malignant, but some more so than others. Trees are the devil. You try to drive over them, and you promptly half-top your ball into the thickest part, where it probably sticks in a fork.

Next time you determine to play for safety, and you deliberately play wide of the trees. But some invisible power makes the ball curve round in the air and you are in them again.

Whins fill the air with profanity and your heart with murder. You slice or pull the pillule into them, but hope revives when you find it perched up in a bush. There is quite a reasonable chance of a good shot out with iron or mashie.

You take careful aim and smite for all you are worth. As the club descends the fiend inside the bush gives it a little shake. The ball falls, your foot slips, and you sit down hard on a nest of adders—spikes, anyway.

Then there is the true sand bunker. In a really fine specimen such as that Sahara Desert known as the "Cardinal's Nob" you may spend anything from ten minutes to two hours, blinded, gasping in stifling clouds of sand.

But on the whole for sheer wickedness and atrocity give me heather. Nothing short of dynamite will dislodge your ball from it. When I was playing at Boscombe the heather-covered side of a hill as steep as a house had a fatal fascination for me.

It was so slippery that you couldn't walk up it but had to crawl on hands and knees. The usual result of a stroke was that the ball trickled down the hill two or three feet while you fell like a falling star, slap down to the bottom.

Still, bunkers are the salt of golf.

Norman Fraser.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

TROOPER KERNAHAN'S CHIEF WHIP

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

I.

Trooper Kernahan flung the evening newspaper aside and sprang up from his chair with a sentence that cut through the babel that was threatening to bring down the highly-polished rafters of the Yeomanry Room.

"Hi—Hi! Calm down," he cried. "Shut up, desist—chuck it! . . . This isn't election time come round again, is it?"

The roomful of Yeomen turned laughingly upon their senior Trooper.

"Well—look here—*you* decide how you are going to make the journey to Mallerbury," said someone. "Settle it yourself and there'll be no more said about it. Is it to be Carteret, the Tenth Legion, a motor-car and exclusiveness, or are you going to swelter with the B-hoys in one of the cattle-trucks on the worst branch line in England?"

"Hang it, that's just the question I referred to you just now. I didn't ask you to turn yourselves into a Suffragette meeting. Or—pardon me—have you shelved my question and started getting up a charade—Messrs. Lloyd George, Winston Churchill, and the members of the Cabinet having a little argument on the ethics of prison reform (to mention nothing of Dartmoor Shepherds, their habits and hobbies)?"

At that moment the Sergeant-Major, perspiring very freely, entered, pencil and note-book in hand.

"Names for the Mallerbury Special—smartly," he said. "Must know how many are going, so I can work out how much it is per head."

"Probably the company'll take a bit off if we promise to help to push the train up the gradients," said Carteret. "Kernahan, if you're in good form for train-pushing, don't you mind me; you go by their precious special. It'll give you an appetite for the Dinner when you get there, and you'll arrive in time to find the Emerged Tenth neckin' the champagne as supplied to the top table."

"Didn't know that the Tenth had decided to accept your kind hospitality, Carteret," said Kernahan. "I understood they'd ridden in your car before. Your Damitall-de-Luxe is a bit of glorious uncertainty, isn't she? Horribly fond of breaking down ten miles from the nearest pub—the giddy old thing."

"Oh, you're a lot of unsociable blighters," said Carteret. "With me supplying the petrol free of all charge, too!"

Trooper Alexander detached himself from the crowd and patted the lissom Carteret on the shoulder.

"Why," he said, "she hasn't got the morals of a company-promoter. By plenty of swank for a little distance she kids you she's going to run you along in style. When she breaks down miles from nowhere, you realise that she's like the loser you once backed in the Waterloo Cup."

Trooper Stephen gave vent to one of his most audible smiles.

"Any further remarks from Trooper Kernahan's chauffeur?" asked the spokesman of the meeting.

"Or his chief whip?" asked the Sergeant-Major, indicating Alexander, who had borne that distinction since by a smart piece of coach-driving from Fareham Cross (as has been recorded) he had scraped into the Squadron's one vacancy.

"Oh, the car's all right now," said Carteret. "Just had her done up. If you chaps don't come, hanged if I ask you again."

"That's decided it," said Sergeant Hall, jocularly. "What need we of further insurance policies? We won't come."

"Drop nutting. Are you boys motoring with me or not?"

The Tenth Legion, generally, shrugged their shoulders.

"Well, just to show we're pals of yours, we'll risk our lives once again," said Kernahan after a pause.

"I shall put down all present bar my Tenth Legion, then," said the Sergeant-Major, in business-like tones. "The Annual Dinner is the worst blinkin' affair I have to dry-nurse during the whole of the year—hanged if it isn't. It's like organising a mixed school treat—with some of you going one way and some another. Blest if I wouldn't rather arrange for the detraining of the Standing British Army than for getting Squadron 'B' to its Annual Dinner!

"And"—he waved a postcard in the air—"hanged if mine host hasn't asked me to bring a half-dozen pots of anchovies for the *hors d'œuvres*. P'r'aps there are a few dozen odd things I can do for the gentlemen present in connection with this affair?" he added bitterly.

"You bring a good thirst with you and look on the bright side," Carteret advised him. "Don't you take things too much to heart, 'Major. A young chap like you running about on his pension must do something for his bloomin' country."

The Sergeant-Major made his exit, the room calmed down, and Carteret with a sigh of relief returned to a book which he had been reading.

It was a somewhat grimy copy, but the gold of Kipling's own elephant glinted dully on the cover. Carteret, his eyes glued to the pages, read on.

"Observe the prototype of the butcher's errand boy, steeped in pernicious literature," said Kernahan, who had not recognised what work his friend was perusing.

"I'm going to shift clear of him," said Alexander, looking up from an evening paper. "I believe it's 'Howdacious Headingby, the Heartless Hoodwinker of Hidalgo Hall.'"

"You shut up. This is one of Kipling's," said Carteret, "and there's an A 4 idea in this tale—Steam Tactics—that I'm reading. I'm going to be Hinchcliffe, and you can be Pyecroft, Alexander. Our line when we're on the road to Mallerbury to-morrow night is to exceed the speed limit and get copped by a bobby. Then we kid him to come on board, same as the chaps in Steam Tactics—after that we show him what speed really is—same as they did in Kysh's car.

"And at the finish he prays for mercy. There ain't no privately preserved kangaroos about Mallerbury anywhere, are there, Stephen?" Carteret was referring to the conclusion of the story before him. . . . 'He was on his knees praying to kangaroos. Yea, in his bowler hat he kneeled before kangaroos—gigantic, erect, silhouetted against the light—four buck kangaroos in the heart of Sussex.'"

"Little Willie's got 'em again," a special-train passenger commented. "Your precious tin-kettle on wheels can't do more than eight an hour."

"Oh, can't it, by George. You ask any of these chaps when we meet at Mallerbury. P'r'aps we'll capture a bobby and bring him with us to the dinner."

"He can sit with you, then," said some one coldly.

"Well, he'll be in the best place—right at the top of the table next to the ossifers of the Ninety-Fifth and the champagne," said Carteret wagging his head. "No favour—no marked places for troopers at this dinner—first come, first claim to being adjacent to the top table, you know."

II.

A generous full moon—that deity of the mad—shone on the car as, gracefully enough, considering its reputation, it slid out of the streets of the perky little town of Brermouth and became a black thing of shuddering movement on the pale-hued open road.

Carteret at the steering-wheel lay back in his seat at an angle that was the excess of correct style, and it drew exaggerated admiration from his becloaked comrades, who likened him to such varied things as—(I give but a few selections) an Austrian Hussar from Greenwich, a prosperous gas-fitter making holiday, a fluorescent scion of Upper Norwoodian aristocracy, a bewildering bargee from the baths of Buxton.

He took all these things with a far-away aloof good humour. He was an etherealised Kysh—the Kysh of "Steam Tactics."

He tuned his car up to an unsteady fourteen an hour and revelled in the luxury of imagining her the Decapod of the story, devouring infinite perspectives of park palings. . . . surging through forgotten hamlets. . . . over naked uplands, droning like a humming bee. . . . He, too, in his character, was improvising on the keys, making the progress "sometimes a figure and sometimes a barn dance."

His passengers could at least agree regarding the latter clause. The so-called Damitall-de-Luxe was not exactly a glider at high speeds, but the road, like all highways in Blankshire, being good, their livers were not more violently shaken than is a railway bridge when a train passes over it.

The Mallerbury road, however, bore an evil reputation with motorists. It was said to bristle with police-traps. Yet to the sorrow of Carteret and the satisfaction of his passengers (who preferred comfort to excitement as an appetite-cultivator) not a single whistle answered the horribly genuine screeches of the night birds.

Over well-known measured test-miles, reported to have policemen with stop-watches and in ambush concealed at either extremity, Trooper Carteret shook his pulsating engines into their best efforts.

He dropped down hills without touching a single brake, and careered through peaceful villages, apparently uncaring of life and limb.

The only policeman he encountered touched his hat as the car whizzed by, and when they pulled up at the "Stag and Pheasant" at Fareham Cross for a half-way drink, the plain-clothes man who must have seen them

whirring over the white road that clave the Common, ventured the opinion that theirs was a "nice car."

The landlord, gruff to most people, received them cheerily. He had entirely forgiven Carteret and Kernahan for purloining his stage coach and four. Alexander, who had occupied the box seat on that memorable evening, had settled the matter so satisfactorily that mine host had an extra grin for him.

"From what I heard of y'r driving, sir," the observed to Trooper Alexander, "I don't mind repeating my little offer."

It was a standing joke in the squadron—old Daddy Wessells's "standing offer." He had a lynx-eye for a smart whip for his famous coach and four.

"Style and skill combined is my motter," Mr. Wessells continued to Kernahan's chief whip, "and you're on fifty shillin's a week an' all you can pick up from June till the end o' September. You must wear the proper tackle—the big coat and the beaver hat. What a figger o' a man you'd make, m'lad. Come—fifty shillin's a week an' perks. Is it a deal? . . . And dang me if I don't chuck in my darter—fine a girl as there is in the county—if you're thinkin' o' settlin' down in life."

Alexander made pretence to ponder.

"Thank you, Mr. Wessells," he said at length, "but I'm driving a coach already."

"What road?" was Daddy Wessells's query.

"The hard road of Business," said Alexander, enigmatically. "It starts at Ambition and the journey is ended when you reach the Inn of Assured Success. . . . I'm driving—that way," he added, in a lower tone, and Kernahan saw the spirit of the fighter show for a second in his eyes. . . .

While Carteret's car stood a thing of curiosity to the yokels outside, they finished their drinks.

"Good luck to ye!" said Mr. Wessells—and a mile further on they recognised that Mr. Wessells must have been on the worst of terms with the little god of Good Luck.

Something snapped under the bonnet of the Carteretian car, and she came to a gradual, easy, and noiseless stop.

"It's gone again!" said Carteret in despair.

"Well, what the deuce are you complaining about?" asked Kernahan. "Haven't you been bursting to live up to that story. Well, it's all worked out beautifully. The car's bust——"

"Oh, he's been imagining himself the magnificent Kysh," said Stephen. "Didn't you see him 'flinging a careless knee over the low raking tiller'?"

"Kysh on the Decapod?" sneered Kernahan, who knew his Kipling. "Why, our Carteret's not up to Leggatt of the steam-car that first kidnapped the bobby and then turned her crew over to the Decapod when she broke down. . . . Trouble with you, Carteret, is that you've been trying to be two cars at once. You aren't versatile enough for a composite character, either!"

"Oh, shut up!" said Carteret, from whose head all wordy romance was dashed. "The thing is what are we going to do? Any blacksmith can tinker her up," he added hopefully, "if you push her on till we get to one."

"No, thank you," said Kernahan. "Our duty is to our Little Maries that we've starved of tea so that they might enjoy the Squadron Dinner at Mallerbury. We'll side-track the Damitall-de-Luxe in yon pasture if you like and cover her with her tarpaulin (which we will mark 'Wait until called for'). But that's the limit of our kindness to that precious, hot-pie-can on non-skid tyres."

He turned to Alexander.

"It's a bit of luck," he said, "that it's only a mile from the village. We must be sweet to the Damitall if only for that consideration, Alexander, my boy, come where glory waits you at the 'Stag and Pheasant'—glory, and once again the driving of the coach and four!"

"Hear, hear!" cried the Tenth Legion in a body.

"There, there!" said Carteret mockingly.

They "side-tracked" the car as arranged in a pasture and then it was Carteret who elected to go in for an inexpensive form of drama.

"It's a mile to the next station," he said, pulling out his watch. "I shall walk in that direction and finish the journey to Mallerbury by train. What time do you think you'll arrive, you—Pickwickians?"

"Can't say, Mr. Winkle," said Kernahan, "but damn it, I'll lay a dozen of Worthington to a glass of four 'arf that there's not a man present (barrin' you, Carteret) that would go back and be jeered at by the special-train lot. And you got us into this mess, too!"

"Don't care if we don't get there tonight."

"Lordy! imagine what they'd say!"

"What a Derby Day for the rest of the squadron!"

There was a chorus of dissent.

"Phew! Well, I'll try and beg a little drop of the sparkly to send down to the far end of the last table," said Carteret, and strode off into the night. "You chaps are too chock-full of pride. Toodeloo!"

"Pip-pip, sweetheart!" resounded from the Tenth Legion.

"Don't pay any attention to him," said Kernahan kindly. "He's always taken that way when his car breaks down. I thought it was a case of cruelty to motor-cars—trying to crowd a baker's dozen of us on board her, and in her old age too!"

Then he assumed the Brightonian air.

"Squadr-r-r-on. 'Bout turn! Mar-r-ch!" he cried gaily.

And off they stepped in the direction of the "Stag and Pheasant" Hotel.

Twenty minutes later, the whole company, cursing at the dilatoriness of ostlers, were "aboard the lugger," as Sergeant Hall put it, and Trooper Alexander, whip in hand, was on the box.

"I'm afraid it's hopeless," Kernahan observed looking at his wrist watch, "but we can try. Let 'em rip, Alexander!"

It was the old note, with a gay salute that brought back a night that neither Kernahan nor Alexander were ever likely to forget.

Alexander touched up the leaders, and the Tenth Legion went along against a head wind, shouting gaily the choruses of popular comic songs . . . singing in harmony tender ballads to the pale moon.

And all the while they had for accompaniment the rattling clock-a-clock of the horses' hoofs—as sweet music as that of any piano to every man on that coach.

They were rattling along through the village when the hand that apprehends traffic pulled them up, amid the muttered curses of Kernahan's chief whip and his passengers.

"A dozen young men and one driver—Yeomen," said the policeman. "Yes, you'll be the gentlemen."

"Damn it, that's the blessed Carteret!" said Hall. "He's getting one back on us with a vengeance."

"Well, what is it, Bobby?" asked Alexander, cheerily. "Not going to arrest us, are you?"

"Pal of ours not put you up to any practical jokes, has he?" Kernahan put in anxiously. "He's been reading a tale where the heroes—motor-men—bag the villain—a police-trap bobby—and take him for the very devil of an uncomfortable run. . . . He hasn't been trying to shop you like that, has he?"

"Because," Alexander said, "if that's the idea you come up and try driving with us."

The policeman looked bewildered.

"Well, a young gentleman in uniform said I might meet some young fellers driving the 'Stag and Pheasant' coach to the common danger of the public. . . . But, to tell you the truth, something's 'appened what's made my intentions thoroughly pally, gentlemen."

"What's that?" came a chorus.

"Oh, the Special Yeomanry train to Mallerbury has broken down at Crow's Siding, two mile down the line. My duty's to be on the spot in case of order not being maintained. It's not unusual to wreak vengeance on the guard. Will you drive me, gentlemen?"

"Certain*ter*!" cried Alexander joyfully. "But there's one stipulation, eh, Kernahan?"

"Rather!" cried Kernahan. "Bobby, my boy, we'll take you as far with pleasure. But you must hop down without losing a second when you leave us. . . . We require no passengers. For once we're going to leave our pals in the lurch. . . . Damn it, Alexander, 'member what that young blighter, Carteret, said about sending *us* down a taste of the sparkling wine?"

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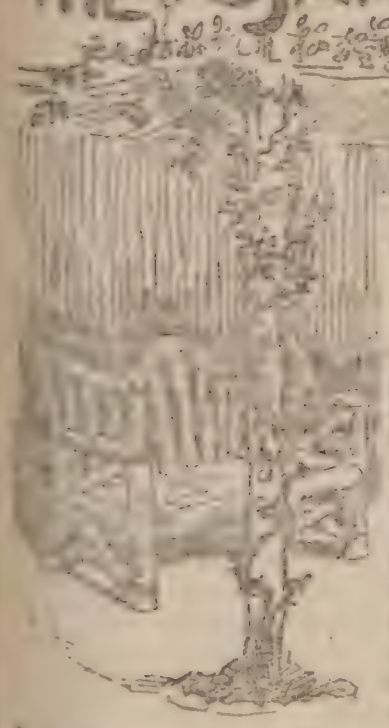
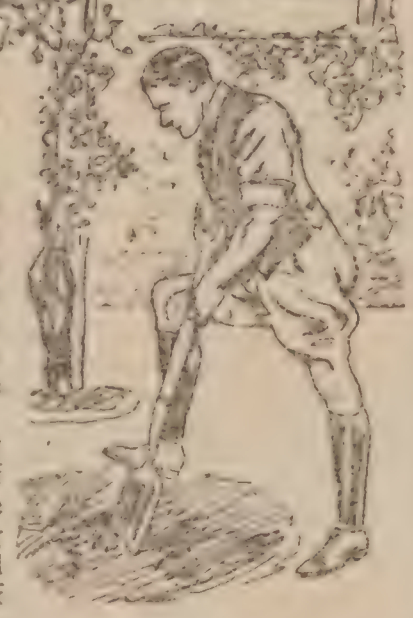
THE GARDENER'S BUSY TIME





JOBS FOR LATE MARCH AND EARLY APRIL.

The two seasons of the year when the gardener is busiest coincide with the beginning and end of the frosts of winter.

In the late autumn there is the clearing up of beds, the cutting down of plants, the planting of early bulbs and of shrubs and trees to be attended to. In early spring there is much sowing, digging, pruning, planting, and replanting to be done.

Having prepared the beds and dug them over as much as possible without disturbing bulbs or herbaceous plants, the warm days at the end of March should be seized upon for planting annuals.

It is a good plan to sow half a packet of seed now, and to sow the rest in a fortnight or three weeks, so as to ensure a succession of flowering.

Happy is the man whose garden is large enough for him to keep a border exclusively for annuals. It can then be thoroughly dug over, and the chance of its being overrun by such pertinacious self-sowers as marigold, godetia, eschscholtzia, balsam, and so on, is minimised. But, of course, an annual border, though it may produce a blaze of colour in summer, means a blank patch through the winter and the greater part of spring, and a more or less untidy one in autumn.

EARLY.

Early sowing is always advisable for hardy annuals, which, of course, are plants that flower, ripen their seed, and die in the year in which they are sown. This allows the seed to germinate before the ground becomes dry and parched by sun and wind.

The amateur will be wise if he buys his seed in packets—penny, threepenny, or sixpenny ones—for on these are printed directions for sowing. A common error is to plant seeds too deeply.

If the soil is stiff, the seeds should be covered with a little light soil to which some wood ash has been added. If the ground is loose and sandy, it is advisable to tread it firm before making the drills for the seeds.

Where space is available, plant annuals in rows, as they are thus more easily thinned when the plants are large enough to handle. In the herbaceous border, however, annuals will probably have to be sown in patches or circles, so as to allow them room to develop properly.

GARDEN PESTS.

Annuals sown among herbaceous plants often suffer greatly from the slugs that the latter harbour. A dressing of soot will do much to protect the young annuals from these pests, and will also benefit the plants when washed into the ground. Fresh slaked lime will also keep them off, or a ring of sifted coal ashes round each clump of seedlings.

The pruning of roses should be undertaken at the end of March or the beginning of April. Climbers and tea-roses need but little cutting after the first year, but hybrids, which should be tackled first, must be pruned back considerably.

These roses are budded or grafted on briars of some kind, and it is most important to see that the briar has not thrown out shoots below the union. If this has happened the shoots must be broken off, not cut. If bent sharply the shoots will usually come out of their sockets.

In young plants the good straight growths should be cut back to about six inches from the ground, or in older plants to five or six "eyes" from their base. Weak shoots must be pruned still closer.

Climbers only need the removal of weak shoots and the tips cut off strong shoots that are nailed or tied in. Some of the old wood can be removed if there are good young shoots springing from the base to take their place.

THE BEST CLIMBERS.

No garden, however, should be without its climbing roses now that there are so many varieties. Rêve d'or, Jersey Beauty, Hiawatha, Dorothy Perkins and Lady Gay are all excellent. The two latter are very similar, in fact, their clusters of pink flowers are almost indistinguishable to the inexpert eye.

A new development which is most attractive as an alternative to the pillar-rose is the Standard Dorothy Perkins, of which the stem is some five or six feet high, while the shoots droop in the same way as the branches of a weeping willow tree.

C. B. STAINER.

TENCH.

Tench sometimes take well in early Spring, more especially when the weather is mild. Master Tench is purely a bottom-feeder, and never takes on the surface.

He will sometimes take roach baits, but worms, either lob or brandlings, are best. It is very essential thoroughly to conceal the hook, for he is a mighty shy fish.

He is a handsome olive-coloured chap, with a golden tint and fierce red eyes. He seldom runs over four pounds in weight. Where there are tench, there are usually carp and *vice versa*.

AIGUILLETTES.

The staff aiguillette is the distinguishing mark of officers serving on the staff of the Army and is worn by them only when performing staff duties. The official description of it is as follows:

Cord ¼ inch, gold and red orrisbasket, with plait and cord loop in front and same at back, the plaits ending in plain cord with gilt metal tags.

The plaits and cords, front and back, are joined together by a short scarlet cloth strap, in which is worked a button-hole. The aiguillette is attached to the shoulder of the tunic or frock coat by a button placed under the outer end of the shoulder cord. The long cord is looped up on the top or front cord, the front cord and the short and long plaits are fastened together, and a small gold braid loop is fixed thereon to attach to the top button of the tunic or the frock coat, on the latter on the side on which the aiguillette is worn.

Aiguillettes are worn on the right shoulder by the Inspector-General and military members of the Army Council. Other Staff Officers wear it on the left shoulder.

Officers on the personal staff of the King and the Royal Family wear an all-gold aiguillette on the right shoulder.

ROUND WITH THE CART.

LONG EVENINGS THAT BENEFIT THE TRADESMAN.

Few men watch the return of long, light evenings with greater pleasure than the tradesman and his journeyman.

Work, for both of them, is by no means without its extreme inconveniences during the dark days and the bad weather that is their common accompaniment.

A very large part of the tradesman's profit is derived from what is called "the round," at least in country districts.

The shop trade, business done with customers who call and ask for what they want, get it, pay, and pass on, is, of course, the staple of their industry. But there is a second, distinct, and very important side to every business, great and small, in every village and country town.

This is the trade with the outlying districts, with the "gentlemen's houses" as they are comprehensively called. It is upon this trade that the shopkeeper, be he grocer, butcher, baker, or "general" shopkeeper, depends for the extra custom that, perhaps, turns a bare living for him into a living with a little chance of extra profit and an opportunity for putting something aside for a later time, or for buying a house or two in his district by way of investment.

This outer fringe of customers is, therefore, very important to him, and one that he must cultivate by every means in his power.

To do this effectively, he must employ a journeyman and keep up a pony and cart or, at any rate, use what has become increasingly popular—even in country areas—the cycle-carrier, that big box on wheels which so many youths seem to delight in propelling.

The conduct of a country round may seem to the outsider a very simple affair, but when all its difficulties are realised, it will appear in a very different light.

For one thing, weather is a prime factor in upsetting the tradesman's calculations. He may overnight prepare all his orders with scrupulous care, and place them aside, so that early on the following day the journeyman can pack them up in his vehicle and start away to deliver them at the various houses.

His dismay may be imagined when he wakes to find that a foot of snow has fallen in the night, or torrents of rain have rendered certain lanes impassable by swollen brooks or flooded fields.

This means that some delay is sure to occur in the delivery of certain goods at some houses, and in country houses, when orders are not executed according to the needs and expectations of those who ordered them, things are apt to be unpleasant and may result in the loss to the tradesman of that house's custom.

This is not the worst that may befall. A journeyman may be the cleverest and smartest in his town, but with thirty or forty different packages to as many houses, scattered in all directions within a radius of three or four miles of his employer's shop, many mistakes may happen in the dark and stormy nights.

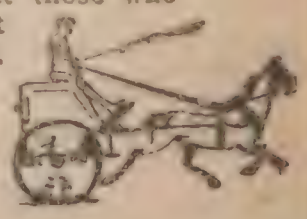
Tickets and labels may become displaced in fishing out goods, wrong goods may be delivered, or any of a hundred other things may happen to interfere with the smooth working of the trade.

Then, too, the journeyman must frequently leave his horse and trap out in the pitch darkness at the roadside, with, possibly, a gale blowing, while he walks up some long drive to the back door with the goods. He is lucky if, on his return, he finds his horse and trap where he left it every time.

With drenching rain falling all the time it is difficult to protect efficiently all the goods he has charge of, to say nothing of protecting himself from a thorough wetting.

So that the tradesman's lot in the long, dark and stormy evenings is no happy one, but is full of anxieties and responsibilities that those who work only in offices know little about and realise still less.

G. HARROD.



BOB SAWYER—FOOTBALLER.

THE INTER-HOSPITAL FINAL.

The International Rugby football matches are usually worth seeing. So, too, is Oxford *v.* Cambridge, while if you want to see hard knocks cheerfully given and taken you need not travel much further afield than Queen's Club when the Navy is meeting the Army.

London Scottish or London Irish *v.* London Welsh provides many good moments, particularly in the contrasting styles of play, while Richmond *v.* Blackheath is usually responsible for an exhilarating exhibition of "wigs on the green."

But for mingled sport, fun, excitement, and robust tackling give me the Final for the Inter-Hospital Championship.

You will rarely see a scientific display, but ye gods, what whole-souled enthusiasm! It's "play the man and bother the ball" all the time—perfectly fair, mind you, no viciousness, but the combatants are, so to speak, stripped to the buff, and they don't wear gloves.

A medical friend of mine would be a very good-looking chap, were it not for his broken nose.

He got that in a Hospital Final. His nose went crack early in the second half, but he went on playing till the last puff, not only of his own breath, but of the referee's whistle.

Incidentally, I may mention the match was first played in the 1874-5 season, when Guy's were the victors, and since then Guy's, Thomas's, and Bart.'s have pretty well farmed the championship between them.

Thomas's won it nine years in succession, but for some reason or other they have not won since 1897, since when it has usually been a case of Guy's *v.* London, with Guy's top-dog as a rule.

However, away with dull figures—the play's the thing, and it's no child's play when hospital meets hospital.

Still you may see as strenuous play in other matches, but what you won't see elsewhere is the same crowd. It is pretty stirring down at Cardiff when the Welsh crowd tunes up with "Land of My Fathers"; the pipers skirling and swaggering round at Inverleith warm your blood; the 'Varsity lads can make a lot of noise when Oxford is trying to knock the stuffing out of Cambridge, and even placid Twickenham rouses up a bit when it's England against Scotland. I also have a respectful regard for the enthusiasm of an Irish crowd.

But it's all tame, dumb show, vasty silence compared with the row that envelopes a Hospital Final.

Proceedings open with a pitched battle between the adherents of the rival teams.

A sort of guerilla warfare starts outside the portals of either hospital on the day of the match, and wages all along the line of route to the playing field. Near it, however, the opposing forces are formed up into regular bodies, and preceded by tin-kettle bands they march to the scene of action, entering by different gates. They meet in mid-field, and then all Hades is loosed.

Each side usually carries aloft some trophy, often wrested from the other side the previous year, and the object of either side is to get hold of the other men's "flag."

Naturally the field is cleared when play begins, but sporadic war are continues throughout, and there is a renewal of set hostilities in mid-field at half-time and time.

Last year, for example, a gory battle raged round a trophy which the Guy's men had fixed to a goal-bar at half-time.

The King—then of course, Prince of Wales—was there, and hugely did he enjoy the fun.

The match draws medical men from all over the country. The great Harley Street specialist rubs shoulders and chats over old times with the struggling country practitioner. The fashionable physician forgets his "bedside manner" and yells like a schoolboy.

It's great, is the Final for the Inter-Hospital Championship.

F. C. McCARTNEY.

MY NOTEBOOK.

GENTLEMEN, THE KING.

The other day there appeared in several of the London newspapers an excellent photograph of His Majesty, King George the Fifth. It was a snapshot which had been made as he was leaving Hyde Park. He was mounted on a big up-standing chestnut, and had been enjoying a morning gallop in the Row.

King George is, as of course you know, a very keen horseman, and I like him the better for it.

Time and again since he has succeeded to the crown, we have had ample proof that he possesses the same kindly feelings that made his father so popular.

Looking at him as a man, I consider him one of the finest specimens of the British gentleman. Regarding him as a king, I venture to say that he is the most tactful, kind and sympathetic monarch who has so far been given to us.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

The playing of the National Anthem at the close of a music-hall, theatrical, or concert performance is regarded by many as a mere intimation of the fact that the show has come to an end. By others this tune is looked upon as a hymn, and certainly I have heard it sung in many churches.

It is noticeable how, when "God Save the King" strikes up, some men get to their feet smartly and bare their heads if they happen to be wearing hats or caps, and how some others do not do so.

Those of us who have the honour of wearing His Majesty's uniform, and who have solemnly sworn our fidelity to him, regard it as a privilege to show our loyalty by baring our heads and rising to our feet when "God Save the King" is played.

I should like to see this slight evidence of loyalty more generally followed.

THE RESIDENTIAL CLUB.

THE MODERN MAN Clubs which have been established in the provinces are going strong, and new ones are being formed. I regret to say, however, that my scheme with regard to the formation of a London residential club has been a failure.

We have now several highly successful MODERN MAN Clubs in London as elsewhere, but they are not residential clubs.

Many readers had written to me requesting that I should organise a residential club in London.

The first meeting was successful and enthusiastic, but when we got down to hard facts, we found unexpected difficulties.

It was, of course, difficult to obtain suitable premises in London at a suitable rent, but eventually we found what we believed to be the right place, but, before completing the contract with the landlord, we communicated with the various men who had signified their desire to be members of the residential club.

The response was surprising. Only two or three were prepared to take up residence in the mansion which we proposed to rent. Some did not favour us with an answer, some said that the cost for board and residence would be beyond their means, and others said that the district selected would not suit their convenience.

I had done my best in this matter, but I had failed to please the prospective members of the residential club. I, therefore, washed my hands of the whole business, and wrote off the time I had spent on the matter as time wasted.

Mr. Johnston-Mundy finding it, as I did, impossible to work with the committee elected in connection with this club, has now taken the matter into his own hands, and has rented and fitted up two establishments which he intends to run on lines similar to those discussed in connection with the original residential club.

As, however, these establishments are controlled by Mr. Johnston-Mundy and not by this paper or by a committee of our readers, we cannot sanction the use of the name of this paper in connection with them, although we believe that the arrangements which Mr. Johnston-Mundy has made enable him to offer very attractive terms to those who adopt his scheme. His address is 42, Sangley Road, South Norwood.

LOST BADGES.

I have received the following letter from Mr. Halliday, Secretary of the Edinburgh MODERN MAN Social and Athletic Club:

"Our Vice-President, when in a shop in town yesterday, spoke to a chap who had our badge in the shape of a silver tie-pin. He did not seem to understand what Mr. Gibb was talking about when he mentioned THE MODERN MAN.

"He said that he had not joined the League, never read the paper in his life in fact. He said that the badge had been sent to him by his sister, who bought it in a jeweller's shop in London.

"If the stranger's story is true, and jewellers are really selling it, it's ten to one that we get a good few undesirables wearing our badge, and that's not half good enough.

I have received another letter from Mr. H. Kay, 3, Cholmley Street, Hull, in which he says:

"I have in my possession a MODERN MAN gold-plated pin which has been picked up. If any Hull member has lost it I shall be pleased to hand it over to him, if he will call at my address."

I think that Mr. Kay's letter probably explains the other. A large proportion of the badges which we send to our readers are in tie-pin form, and tie-pins have a trick of working up, falling out, and getting lost. I should think that the badge worn by the man to whom Mr. Halliday refers was one of these lost badges.

Of course I investigated the matter, and at once communicated with the firm which manufactures these pins for us. The managing director of that firm was indignant at the suggestion that the badges could possibly be on sale at any jeweller's shop in London or elsewhere. He clinched the matter by saying "I am prepared to bet ten pounds to a penny that THE MODERN MAN League badge is not obtainable at any shop whatsoever."

For my own part, I may say that the design of the League badge is copyright, and that I shall at once institute legal proceedings against any jeweller who sells it.

Beyond that I may say that it is impossible for any jeweller to sell these badges at a profit at the price at which we sell them.

SHARES.

On page 15 I again print application form for shares in THE MODERN MAN, Ltd.

Many readers are availing themselves of the special offer which I am now making—namely that I present one of my own fully-paid £1 Deferred Shares with every pound's worth of 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares that may be applied for.

The response to this offer has been very gratifying, applications coming in, not only from every town in Britain, but also from our Colonies and from foreign countries.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

What is a Clerk?

An article of far-reaching importance to all who are engaged in business. Useful alike to the Clerk, the Salesman, the Traveller, the Manager, or the Proprietor of any Business, large or small.

If any man who reads this question should himself chance to be a clerk he would undoubtedly be indignant if we were to give as our definition of a clerk—"The man who failed." Yet such is the case if we examine facts with an impartial mind. Men who succeed make definite positions for themselves. They become managers, salesmen, travellers, experts of some kind or another. But the clerk remains just the clerk, because he has no qualification which enables him to do anything more than office work of a more or less mechanical order.

"Yes," we shall be told, "but there are many men who, although they are simply clerks, possess sufficient ability and sufficient brains to make them capable of commanding success in other directions."

Exactly so. There are many clerks who could be successful in other directions, but the fact remains that they are not. Why? Why do they remain in the ranks of

The Clerkly Failure?—

for the very over-crowding of the ranks of clerks and the average poorness of the pay proves that they are the mass of mediocrity and failure from which the clever and capable few have been sifted out.

It is not that the clerk has no ability, but it is that he has never learned to apply that ability. Anyone who takes the trouble to inquire into the source of success will at once receive a very convincing demonstration of the fact that to-day *it is knowledge that wins.* In other days influence and the simple virtues of punctuality, steadiness and sobriety were sufficient to ensure a man regular and mechanical advance in his business, but now this is no longer the case. The only men who move up are the men who increase their knowledge.

There is no college, or institution, at which commercial knowledge or information of that sort that a man needs in order to better himself in business can be acquired, but recently there has been published a book which is of the utmost value and importance to any and every man engaged in any kind of business, trade or profession.

The book we refer to is

"The Business Encyclopaedia,"

which is not an encyclopædia in the ordinary sense of the word, but an encyclopædia of a specialist kind. It is the first Encyclopædia of Business ever issued, and its immediate success, and great popularity, prove unquestionably that it is an encyclopædia which has been wanted for a very long time. It gives exhaustive expert information on every point of business detail; on professional and legal matters; on financial matters, and on all matters relating to the conduct and progress of business.

It is an easy matter for any man to say to himself, "Oh, no book can tell me more about my business than I know already." This is a big mistake, and a costly one. The business you are engaged in is not the only one of its kind, and the "Business Encyclopædia" has been written by experts, who have had life-long experience in every trade and profession. So that when you refer to the "Business Encyclopædia" you are referring to and making use of the experience of an expert.

A Few of the Contributors.

The new and revised edition of the "Business Encyclopædia," now issued, contains stimulative and practical articles on business building, business methods, and business success, written by the most successful business men of the day. The men who have written these Specialist Business Articles are not mere figureheads. They are the men who have built up the firms they represent into the gigantic concerns they are to-day. Amongst the contributors are Mr. Richard Burbidge, Managing Director of Harrod's, Ltd.; H. G. Selfridge; Mr. John Lawrie, Managing Director of William Whiteley's, Ltd.; Mr. Wareham Smith, Advertisement Director of the "Daily Mail"; Mr. A. W. Gamage, Managing Director of A. W. Gamage, Ltd.; Sir Joseph Lyons, Managing Director of Joseph Lyons and Co., Ltd.; Mr. John Cansfield, Managing Director of Lipton, Ltd. Mr. S. F. Edge.

The "Business Encyclopædia" is as extensively used by business principals as by managers and clerks, and all classes find it equally valuable.

The shopkeeper finds it valuable because it helps him to get more business. The clerk finds it valuable because it helps him

To Get a Better Position.

The office manager finds it valuable because it helps him to organise his staff and his work. It is valuable to the managing director, or the secretary, or the accountant, or the correspondent for similar reasons. If all these men find it valuable to them, what justification is there for your thought that it will not be equally valuable to you? The greatest mistake that any man can make is to think that he can dispense with aids which more successful men have found indispensable. The reason they succeed is because they do not disdain expert help. In the "Business Encyclopædia" you can have the help always ready at your elbow, ready to refer to whenever need arises.

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Please send me, free of charge, and without any obligation on my part, a copy of the book describing the "Business Encyclopædia."

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(Send this Form or a postcard.)

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WAR ON THE PIGEONS.

THE YEARLY ATTACK ON THE FARMER'S ENEMY.

Just at this time, almost every year, the farmer is plagued with destructive and hungry flocks of wood-pigeons. They gather in immense numbers wherever there is young and tender greenstuff in the fields, and they will strip acres of land of every vestige of "feed" that the farmer had intended for his growing lambs.

Exactly where they all come from is quite uncertain. It seems, however, more than probable that the home flocks are, about this time, as spring approaches, reinforced by huge flocks from overseas, and that the combined multitudes work through the country eating every scrap of food as they go. No field with tender green plants is safe.

Instinct seems to tell them where the heartiest meals are to be found, and therefore it is often the best-farmed districts that suffer the most.

Over districts that stretch into two or more counties the farmers have been taking counsel together of late, and have declared war on the pigeons.

We have read in the local papers that no man with a gun and gun licence who is able to shoot will be unwelcome. Indeed, the word has spread through the countryside "like wildfire" that on this afternoon, towards sunset, there will be guns posted at a number of points in the great woods where the pigeons come in to roost, with bulging crops, and that they are to get a warm and deadly reception.

We cannot be out of this bit of free sport, so, with a companion, after an early lunch—and a hearty one, for we shall have hours and hours to wait—I leave home with a gun and a keen appetite for sport.

We walk over to Blacklands Farm, where we know the farmer will be starting in his trap for a point four miles away, very shortly. He, too, is in the great shoot, and has succeeded in finding another gun.

The four of us are soon fixed up behind his willing mare, and away we go.

The wood allotted to us is a deep one with a broad belt of silent, soft green pines standing out of shorter birch, hazel, and oak underwood.

Having put up the horse at the nearest farm we separate and then meet again within the wood, having done so with as little commotion as possible. For pigeons are wary and keen-eyed, and might suspect some foul play and make off to safer roosting places.

But we hope not, and we set about taking up positions, just sheltered from sight, but with room to spring up and fire when the sturdy birds come sailing in to seek a perch.

For an hour there is no sign of them; then from away on our left comes the echo of a shot.

Still our birds tarry, and we begin to grow impatient. But we need not do so. Before we realise it, there is a flapping of wings, and some of the birds have come into the woods from behind us, but quite unaware of our presence.

We grip our guns and keep as still as the great fir trees.

"Wait till they're right over, then step out and let 'em have it," is the last whispered bit of advice from the farmer.

Hardly was it off his lips than a flock swept up to our wood. Down with a glide and a rush they come. "Now then!" says our leader, and we are on our feet in a second.

Four guns are in the air, the flock, taken by surprise, bring up short and try to turn and flee. But bang! bang! bang! The eight barrels are blazed into the confused birds, and we hear several birds plump to the ground.

Meanwhile, from over a wide area there is firing incessantly.

The great flocks, not yet convinced that the whole of the woods bristle with marksmen, come backwards and forwards trying to find a silent wood, and with each attempt we take further toll.

F. ARMITAGE.

SOLD.

THE FIRST: "Why is that man smiling so happily?"

THE SECOND: "Because he has just bought a horse at a very low price."

THE FIRST: "And what's that other man grinning about?"

THE SECOND: "He sold the horse."

CHANGE WANTED.

The quack doctor received his visitor with what he believed to be professional dignity.

"What can I do for you, my dear sir?" he inquired.

"I want six bottles of your cure," said the farmer. "They're for my wife."

"Quite so," said the quack doctor. "She's tried all other remedies, and they've done her no good, I suppose."

"No," said the farmer, "she's not ill, but I read one of your testimonials where a woman said: 'After taking six bottles of your medicine, I am a different woman.' Perhaps it may be the same with my wife."

CAUTIOUS.

THE SPORTSMAN: "I say, keeper, why is it that you always dodge behind me whenever I fire the gun?"

THE KEEPER: "Guv'nor's orders, sir. He said he hadn't insured me yet."

NECESSITY.

"My dearest," she murmured.

"My pet," said he.

To give full particulars of this episode, it would be necessary to continue such intelligent remarks for about four and a half columns, but we have not space, and therefore leave the balance of their conversation to your imagination.

The moon was shining, and the stars were out, and they hugged and kissed and squeezed, and expressed their opinion of one another for a solid half-hour. At last he disentangled his arms from her slender figure, and drew back.

"Dearest," she cried, "you have ceased to love me!"

"Not at all, my pet," he answered. "I love you as much as ever, but one must take breath."

PREVENTION.

The town-dweller who was "discovering" the country, wanted a problem solved.

"Why," he asked a rustic loafer, "are there so many pitchforks sticking in that load of hay?"

"That's to keep them motor-cars from running into it, Mister," said the yokel.

And the seeker for information made a note of the fact.

HUNTING v. SHOOTING.

WHEN COURTESY TAKES THE PLACE OF RIVALRY.

It is often supposed that between the followers of hounds and the other section of sportsmen who take to the gun for their recreation there is a sort of blood-feud that only the presence of the policeman prevents from breaking out into open warfare.

It may be, and probably is, true that hunting interferes to some extent with shooting—foxes with pheasants. A keeper is certainly better pleased when his fields and woods never re-echo to the huntsman's voice, and when the cries of the pack never disturb his rides and shady covers.

In the same way the M.F.H. and those who serve and follow him so faithfully are naturally better pleased when they know that the foxes have not other enemies in the shape of an army of keepers.

But where the two sports of shooting and hunting are carried on extensively and with enthusiastic thoroughness in the same country, a certain amount of friction cannot always be avoided.

Things work fairly smoothly, however, in most countries, partly because many an M.F.H. is also an enthusiast with the gun and vice-versa.

When shooting is over, however, and when the best of the hunting is past, there are in many "countries" pleasing little interchanges of hospitality between the hunt servants and the keepers.

These are organised and provided by the landowners themselves, and all who have enjoyed a season's sport on horseback or with the gun are only too ready to help.

Just now these little affairs are in full swing all over the country. Usually they take the form of a dinner, or supper, to which every hunt servant and every keeper is bidden as a welcome guest.

In this way the men employed in the two chief rival interests of rural sportsmen are brought together under the happiest and most sociable conditions and spend an enjoyable night with an endless fund of gossip and sporting chatter to exchange.

In sport of all things, one does not like to see friction or disagreement, and these social gatherings have the best possible effect in getting the hunt servants and the keepers to know one another, and therefore to become friends.

In many countries the day preceding this event is set aside for a pigeon-shoot or a big rabbit-drive on some generous owner's estate.

E. JONES.

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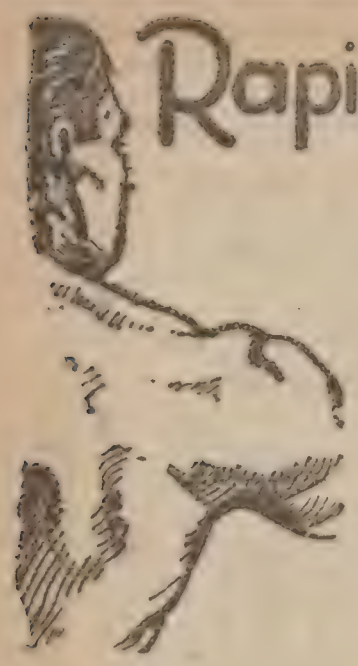

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

HEIGHT.

A London reader asks me to explain the reason why men vary in height.

"Is it Nature," he asks, "or is there a remedy for those who happen to be very short?"

I am afraid my correspondent must be content with the answer that Nature is responsible. To explain the causes satisfactorily, even if my physiological knowledge would enable me to do so, would take volumes.

But although Nature would not produce men of exactly similar sizes even if she had a chance, the ignorance and folly of man often steps in and hinders her working.

Many short men owe their small stature to wrong feeding in their childhood, to insanitary surroundings, lack of fresh air and exercise, excessive smoking and so on.

Once they are past the growing age, or at least past twenty-five or so, it is not much good hoping for any increase of stature.

Before that, however, much may be done by systematic physical exercise, devoting special attention to all those exercises which are calculated to stretch either the body or the lower limbs.

A MATTER OF BALANCE.

Stand erect and place the hands on the hips with the thumbs to the rear.

Raise one leg so that the upper part is horizontal, with the knee bent at right angles.

Now slowly straighten the leg, extending it with the toe pointed forward as much as possible, and force it up until the whole leg is horizontal.

Keep your balance at all costs.

Bend the leg again slowly from the knee and repeat the movement.

This will exercise many muscles, but will tell especially on those of the thigh.

The muscles of the standing leg will also be incidentally brought into play by the effort to retain the balance, which is by no means as easy as it looks.

If you find much difficulty in this, practise at first with one hand resting lightly on the back of a chair; but on no account return the raised leg to the ground until you have extended it two or three times.

Then resume the starting position, and practise the exercise with the other leg.

WALL DEVELOPERS.

Some of my readers may have tried wall-developers of the elastic kind and found that they have disadvantages, that the strength of the elastic is liable to decrease.

There are some excellent elastic wall-developers on the market, but rubber can never be so useful in a wall-developer as in independent developers in which the number of strands can be adjusted to the resistance desired.

Its place, however, can be efficiently taken by weights, and a handy man can fit up a very practical developer for himself with the aid of a few yards of flexible wire and some pulleys.

An ordinary pair of dumbbells can be used as weights, if no special ones are available.

A couple of rods or stretched wires must be arranged vertically, to which the weights are attached by runners so that they travel straight up and down, and do not swing from side to side.

The weights can be varied with the greatest of ease, according to the exercise you propose to do or the amount of resistance you require.

A BREATHING EXERCISE.

This exercise is one which should be practised after violent exercise to calm the action of the heart and to regulate the breathing and circulation.

Stand at attention, with the arms by the sides and the chest thrown out.

Then rise slowly on the toes, and as you do so, raise the arms to the position shown in the sketch, pausing for a moment when they are in line with the shoulders.

This will steady you down.

Keep the palms of the hands downwards.

As the arms are raised, draw a deep breath and hold it until you begin slowly to sink upon the heels and to lower the arms.

Repeat this slowly and steadily about half a dozen times, and you will find it an excellent method of "cooling-off" after violent exercise, and at the same time a good exercise for the leg muscles and for the lungs.

TATTOOING.

The subject of tattooing is perhaps one which may seem out of place on a page devoted to physical culture, but I take it that all those who read this page have that respect for the body which is one of the best characteristics of the physical culturist.

It is only natural, therefore, that they should abominate anything which tends to disfigure or to injure the body.

Now I do not pretend that tattooing is an injurious practice. Provided it is done skilfully and with proper materials, it is, I believe, quite harmless, though it involves no small amount of pain in the first instance.

To tattoo yourself, unless you have some experience and knowledge of the correct way to set about it, is a most dangerous thing to do, and may lead to blood poisoning.

But tattooing is essentially a barbarous and unnatural custom, and serves no useful purpose—unless you deliberately wish to aid the coroner in the event of your coming to an untimely end.

Many men, and still more boys, have themselves tattooed on the forearm or even on the body to gratify a passing whim, and often spend the rest of their lives regretting it.

The marks can, however, be removed at the expense of a certain amount of pain by means of tannic acid and nitrate of silver, but this should be left to an expert.

THE DISCOMFORTS OF SPRING.

A GROWL.

The abject rot talked about Spring fairly makes me tired.

More lies are told about Spring than about the income tax, and that is saying a good deal.

"O! to be in England
Now that April's here!"

sang Browning, "exiled" at Venice. Browning could have started for England, home, and beyewtiful Spring by the next boat, had he liked, but did he? Not much. He stayed on at Venice, until his beloved England had got decently warmed up.

Spring is an inhuman season. It shows up one's shabbiness. The silk hat that looked all right in the dark of winter now stands revealed in its greenish shabby gentility.

The overcoat that passed muster in the fog now catches and reflects the Spring sun from every one of its bald and shiny patches.

You can buy new clothes.—Oh, yes, if you happen to be a Labour M.P. or some nabob of that kind. But isn't March the end of the financial year, and isn't it the time when tailors and other bloodsuckers are absolutely ravenous for gold?

What's the use of a Spring suit anyway, except as an expensive way of committing suicide?

Put on your Spring suit and it's ten to one on your getting frostbite.

On the other hand stick to your worn-out winter garments, and as likely as not you will be picked up in a fit of heat apoplexy.

There are the more obvious horrors of Spring—that domestic upheaval known as Spring cleaning, which leaves the place twice as dirty as it was before, and also results in the destruction or loss of your most cherished books, papers, and old clothes.

If you are a family man, the house is like a hospital, with the children suffering from measles, mumps, whooping cough, or more serious ailments. Also there are peremptory demands for Spring bonnets—*horresco referens*, which, freely translated, means it gives me the creeps to think about it.

From the sporting point of view Spring is a rotter. Scent won't lie with "them stinking vi'lets" polluting the air. Your nags are uncomfortably fresh, and given to bucking, jumping and other viciousness.

It is too hot for football, too cold for cricket. The links are slushy, the putting greens are more like a jungle than anything. The streams are either in flood or dried up. Anyway, the fish won't rise or bite.

Everything is in a state of transition. Physically, you are all at sixes and sevens. You are, so to speak, changing your skin after the manner of a snake, and the process is deuced uncomfortable.

You can't get any business done. "Wait till after Easter" is the cry everywhere. Incidentally, when Easter comes, it's wait till after the summer holidays.

The papers are full of rotten suggestions for improving cricket. The lanes are full of frowsy tramps, awakened from their long winter sleep in the workhouse. The parks are infested by disgustingly spoony couples. The evenings are too light for theatre-going, too dark for outdoor amusements.

Everywhere you go you are poisoned by the smell of new paint.

How the Hades can a man write with a billion birds outside his window twittering and singing fit to burst their little hearts? I wish to goodness they would!

"So that's what I mean
When I say and I sing
O! bother the flowers that bloom in the Spring!"

H. D. Forester.

A TRIAL THAT NEARLY DRIVES YOU WILD.

If you did not know the ways of our line on Sunday, you might think, on approaching it by the field path that runs for the last quarter of a mile along its side, that it was some hitherto undiscovered replica of Clapham Junction.

It has the usual generous supply of signals which seem to be necessary even for the safety of three slow passenger trains a day and one goods train in the early morning. There are, in fact, signals everywhere; signals home and signals distant; signals for starting and signals for shunting (for we have an extra set of metals where a horse-box or a coal-truck sometimes stands, forgotten for a week or two) and signals for, as far as the uninitiated can see, no other purpose than to exercise the signalman's arms.

Still, there they are, and, as I remarked, approaching the station by the footpath, which gives a full view of them all, you would see every one of them "pulled off," which, in non-railway language, means "down."

If you should happen to be using the station on Sunday and catch sight of the signals, all "down," while yet you are nearly half a mile away, you are likely to suffer a severe shock and to sustain a sort of injury (through running) added to the insult of being "taken in" by the company.

The moment you see the signals you lose your head. Surely, you think, your watch and your house clocks are all wrong, and you have cut it too fine. The train is even now coming along, for the signals are down.

MAKING A DASH FOR IT.

And, buttoning up your coat and pulling your cap over your head, you set off at as furious a pace as your many clothes will permit, hoping to reach the platform before the only train of the day has actually begun to move.

On, on you rush, your overcoat catching in your legs and nearly throwing you; your arm aching and your shoulder strained with the weight of your week-end bag; your collar cutting your neck at every stride you take. You puff and blow, and grow hot and fearfully uncomfortable as you clamber over stiles, not daring to look round lest you should see the distant steam of the approaching engine.

But at last, nearly "done," though still two hundred yards away from safety, you drop into a lagged, breathless walk. The train has not yet arrived. Thank goodness! You'll do it yet. And once again you dash along, hotter than ever, and now furiously ill-tempered.

Phew! Up the slope to the platform you stamp.

But where is the train? No; still more mysterious, where is the porter? Not even the booking office is open! This is mysterious; and you sink down on a bench, throwing open your overcoat and dropping your bag with a sigh of relief.

When the beetroot flame has to some extent died from your face (you can see yourself in an automatic machine looking-glass) you approach the door of the booking-office.

When is the train due? you ask.

"Four twenty-seven, sir — another eleven minutes yet."

WHY THE SIGNALS ARE DOWN.

Then, if ever, you could kick yourself, and the porter-clerk too. Like an ass you go on to enquire, with ill-concealed irritability, why the signals have been down so long if the train is still eleven minutes away.

That is soon explained, though the explanation does not tend to calm you.

"Oh," replies the porter-clerk, who pretends to be busy with waybills, "we pulls 'em off after the last train's gone on Saturday night, and the signalman he has a day off on Sundays. 'Them arms is off all day."

So this is the way, you muse, that the railway company tries to kill its customers. Giving them shocks like this, just to save the wages of a Sunday signalman! What you think about the company is a good deal stronger than what you say.

During the next ten minutes you cool down, trying meanwhile to avoid the chilly winds that seem to lurk on every platform.

THE TRAIN ARRIVES.—

All in good time the porter-clerk, having finished his waybill, comes out and shouts something about the train which everybody understands if they are used to it, and nobody understands if they're not, and the train is soon puffing on to the next station, having picked up yourself, and a country lad with a feather in his bowler, and having deposited a woman with a big parcel and a little girl with a shining face and new shoes.

It's a dreary place on Sunday, is our station.

M. BRUCE.

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HINTS ON DRILL

AN ARTICLE FOR THE WOULD-BE N.C.O.

Even the newly-joined recruit usually has ambitions in the direction of promotion and the responsibilities that the stripes entail. But even if a man is content to remain in the ranks, he ought to make himself proficient not only in acting upon words of command, but in giving them.

The best way to learn how to give words of command is to listen to an N.C.O. who knows his work—a guards' sergeant for preference—and imitate his intonation and pronunciation as closely as possible.

The main thing is to make yourself heard. The youthful subaltern is often planted by an inexorable adjutant about a hundred yards from his men and then made to give them certain commands.

Careful elocution is useless. You cannot say "Attention" with half the smartness and carrying power that you can rap out "'Shun." So long as you keep your commands distinct and smart, never mind about the words that compose them. You cannot expect men to act smartly on a slovenly word of command.

GIVING COMMANDS.

Every command that consists of one word (and some others) must be preceded by a caution. The caution is given slowly and distinctly, and the executive word sharply—for instance, "Company—Halt"; "Right Hand—Salute." Always make a pause between the caution and the executive word.

Not only does the practised commander adopt an unnatural pronunciation—I have heard a brigadier stand his men at ease with a noise that sounded something like "Stannat—*hice*"—but he also adopts an unnatural voice. Merely to shout louder than usual in your natural tones is not sufficient.

Every man, in however humble a position, ought to possess the drill-book of his particular arm and to study it. Only by this means can you get exactness and the ability of imparting your knowledge of drill to others. It is one thing to be able to act on orders, but the officer or N.C.O. has to give the correct orders and to be able to explain to the recruit how to act on them.

LEARNING FROM OUTSIDE.

When you have mastered the rudiments of drill as a recruit, you can learn as much or more by intelligently watching a squad of men drilling as by being in the ranks yourself.

Just at first you will probably prefer the middle of the rear rank, but do not be content always with this position. You will never learn drill if you always follow others and never lead. Get on the flank and make up your mind to go right, wherever the rest of the squad wander to.

An excellent way to learn up your drill from the point of view of the commander is to practise with matches on a smooth table. Each match may represent either a single man or a four or a complete rank, according to the manœuvre you are studying.

When you come to take a squad of men you may find that you often get your men "tied up" through forgetting which is the front and which is the rear rank, or through confusing the right and left flanks.

To avoid this make a careful note before you start of the front rank man on the right flank, and remember that whatever manœuvres you go through you have got to finish with that man in front and on the right.

M. H. Allan.

TIME TO BEGIN.

A HINT ON THE STUDY OF NATURE.

There is everywhere spreading a desire on the part of townsmen to know something of the luxuriant nature of plant, animal and bird life, which flourishes outside the boundaries of the cities. To such men the present time is of all times the best in which to begin to use their eyes and brains in this occupation.

One word of advice only is needed. It is "Avoid books." It is hopeless to get the hang of natural things by reading about them.

When some firsthand knowledge is obtained, books, and then only good, standard books, can corroborate and correct a man's own impressions and discoveries.

Indeed, nature knowledge founded on the printed book is almost worthless. Spring, when every creature is more or less engrossed in the work of propagation and family-rearing, is a good time to begin watching and studying, for then the creatures are less shy and more preoccupied with their own affairs.

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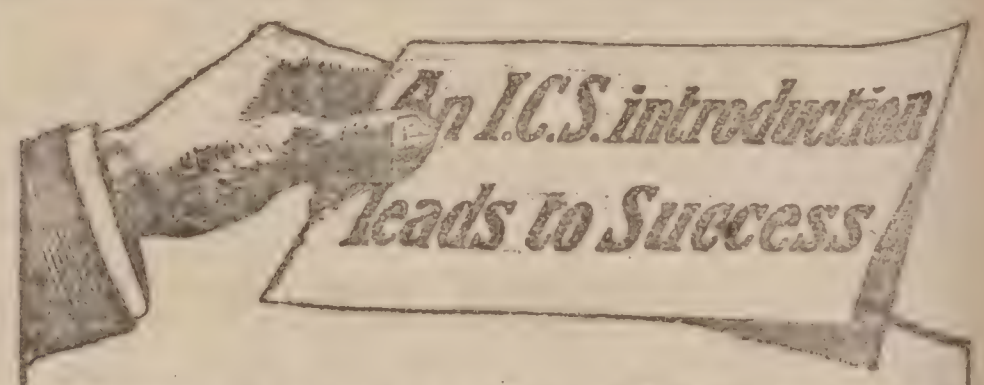

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THE TAINT

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By R. D. CROMBIE.

"Digging" together as they did, Sutton and Gilray talked much of the trivialities of life and occasionally of its immensities.

They were not always aware to which category their conversation belonged, for frequently it is the seemingly great which is intrinsically small, and by the same token, the trivial which is vitally important. Sutton, had he been asked, would have perceived nothing of momentous consequence in the incident of the dishonest office-boy.

"I'd been suspicious of his trustworthiness for some time," he said to Gilray, as they were sprawling after tea. "He was always eating—which is a bad sign; or surreptitiously devouring penny-blood-and-thunder literature—which is a worse. I watched the stamp account for a week or two, and saw it mounting up steadily—five bob, then ten bob, and at last half a quid a week more than when we had been using before. It's astonishing how addicted to petty pilfering some youngsters are."

"What your experience?" said Gilray.

"He's the third boy I've had to sack for the same reason during the last twelve months."

Sutton, it may be mentioned, was a coal-merchant, employing an office-staff of four. Gilray was cashier to a local, old-established brewery.

"How did he go about it?" asked Gilray, curiously.

"Oh, as cleverly as if he'd been educated to it. He had ha'penny letters, such as invoices, statements and so on, he'd enter in the book as a penny. Then the adding up of the totals to be carried forward to the next page was in nearly every instance wrong. He'd make fifty pence four and sixpence, and all that sort of thing."

"By accident, perhaps," suggested Gilray.

"No, design," said Sutton. "It was always to his advantage, and errors, if they're genuine, cut both ways. But I took pains to make absolutely sure before accusing him. I don't believe in sacking for a chap on insufficient evidence—not even an office-boy. It's bad, if you've made a mistake. And he may turn crooked, simply because he's not been trusted."

Gilray nodded. He was watching his friend from his arm-chair, pulling at a pipe which had gone out.

"What did you do?" he asked.

"Left the office before he did, as I usually do; waited for him at the post-office. He was going to post the letters when I stopped him. 'Give me those,' I said, and he looked like a startled rabbit for a moment. Then I marched him back to the office and compared the letters with his stamp-book. He stood by immensely surprised. He was also immensely surprised when I showed him that several of the letters with a ha'penny stamp on had been entered in the book as a penny.

"I said: 'Come into my office.' I didn't want to expose him before the rest."

Gilray nodded again. It was in such trivialities as these that Sutton revealed his character.

"Then I cross-examined him. I wanted him to own up, to show a spirit which would warrant me in giving him another chance.

"It was his first job from school, and sometimes a dose of horse-sense . . taken in time . . . But he wouldn't. Not he! He stuck to his guns, and lied and twisted and evaded and wriggled in wonderful fashion. It was sickening!"

"Sickening?" queried Gilray.

"Oh, he looked such a mean little beast. No pluck. I can put up with solid, honest sinning, but this *furtiveness*. I—despise it!"

"What was the end of it?" asked Gilray, looking about suddenly for the matches.

"I packed him off, of course. He'll go somewhere else now, and do the same. But that's not my affair. I've done with him."

"Don't you think," said Gilray, with a light to his pipe, and speaking between puffs, "that the youngster ought to be pitied?"

"Why?"

"He can't help his dishonesty."

"Why not?"

"It's in him."

"Oh, bosh! So it is in all of us. And every other instinct you can think of! But that's no excuse for what *comes out*."

"He may lack resisting power."

"He may lack the *will*; which is rather a different thing. You won't convince me that a chap who's given to thieving doesn't *enjoy* thieving. He must do. He'd curb himself if he didn't."

"I don't agree with you," said Gilray heatedly. "He may have the tendency from birth, and loathe it, and fight it with all his strength—and yet lose! His life may be a bitter never-ending struggle against a weakness that is stronger than his strength. Then what is to be said about him?"

"You mean hereditary taint?" said Sutton.

"Yes, I do."

"Well, it may be there's something in it. But it seems to me rather a lop-sided arrangement to put all the vices on the shoulders of ancestry and to take credit for our virtues ourselves. I never hear a man say he did such and such a decent thing because his great-grandfather was a splendid gentleman. Why, then, the other thing? Doesn't it look as though he's shelving responsibility?

"I've got a firm belief that in each of us is the power to make ourselves what we will. If a man *likes* crooked dealing, then he's got no incentive to combat it. But he mustn't grumble when he's brought to book some day, saying, 'Please, it isn't my fault; I got this from my forebears.' After all, he's only been trying to collar more than he's legitimately entitled to.

"On the other hand, the chap who, as you say, *hates* his evil propensities, will, if he's got sense, conquer them, because if he doesn't he'll be intensely and perpetually miserable."

"Yes, he'll be miserable," said Gilray; "but that won't get him out of his difficulties."

"Yes, it will," persisted Sutton. "That is, if his dislike is for his vice, and not for the consequences it may bring. A man can imagine he's suffering the throes of remorse when he's only living in the fear of discovery."

"You seem to know a lot about it," snapped Gilray.

"Who doesn't?" said Sutton, who felt it flattering to his arguments that his friend should be losing his temper.

Gilray got up with a flushed face and restlessly circuited the room. He was evidently searching his mind for means wherewith to pulverise Sutton's reasonings.

He took up a position on the hearthrug and stared down, his hands deep in his trousers pockets, and his brow clouded.

"It's easy to talk," he said. "You're good at it; I'm not. But I know you're wrong. I know there's such a thing as a man being tainted, and being aware of it, and not being able to get rid of it. I can give you an illustration if you like.

"There was a boy I knew at our school—a school down on the south coast—a big boarding-school. He was—well, let's begin it in another way.

"There was an epidemic of theft, one term, and no one could get to the bottom of it. Traps were set; watches kept; the lockers of every boy searched. Then the head had us before him *en masse*, and appealed to the culprit, if he were one of us, to confess and so save the innocent from suspicion. He promised to be lenient; and indeed, if restitution were made, to hush the matter up.

"No one answered. No one confessed. The thefts went on.

"The mystery was, where could the boy be hiding his booty? It subsequently transpired that he had been posting it away to a little shop where letters were received on payment of a small fee. The frequency with which he bought postal orders at the local office gave him away at last. He got the kick, of course."

"Publicly expelled?" queried Sutton.

"No. It was kept quiet for his people's sake, but of course it leaked out and everybody knew. I saw the fellow again after leaving school—he lived in the same town as I did—and one night, feeling in confidential mood, I suppose, he told me he had been a thief all his life.

"He used to take pennies out of his mother's purse, steel sweets out of a shop, 'nick' apples off a cart. Once he robbed a till. . . .

"I listened to all he had ever done. I don't know why he should have told me, but perhaps he was hungry for sympathy. He said he had a horrible fear that he would become worse and worse, and ultimately land in prison. He often pictured himself in the dock, he said.

"Well, the thing to do was to argue like you've been arguing. I put forward every point of view I could think of, urging him to be a man, to stop while there was yet time, to get by the throat that deadly creeping belief that he was *tainted*."

"Did he use that word?" asked Sutton, with intent eyes.

"It was his horror, his Ghost. He used to place himself in the way of temptation, to find out exactly how the feeling began. It was like a thing uncurling inside him. Like a Hand . . . and an arm. It would unfold itself, and reach out and out . . . Grasping. Straining to reach. Tugging at its roots. You felt you had to satisfy it with something or it would tear itself right out of you. It was a positive *physical pain*."

He ceased with contorted brow, his eyes expressing the agony his words were causing him.

Sutton sat forward, a hand tightening on each arm of his chair. His eyes, no less than Gilray's, were horror-stricken.

He spoke hoarsely.

"Gilray," he said. "You said *you*. You spoke as if it *were* you!"

Gilray blanched, with working lips.

"Gilray!" said Sutton again. His voice was a gasp. "How much—at your office—do you *owe?*"

With a sudden wild gesture Gilray sat down and buried his face in his hands.

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BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

UPPISHNESS.

Uppishness is a failing akin to snobbery. You do not often find a successful business man guilty of snobbery, because the very fact that he is a successful business man shows that he has a certain amount of commonsense, which is, of course, diametrically opposed to pretence of any kind.

Uppishness is, however, frequently found in the case of employees. It is a mental malady that is as interesting to analyse as it is disastrous to its victim.

Like snobbery, uppishness is only to be found in people who lack ballast. There are some men whom no circumstances could make uppish, and there are others who develop this objectionable quality upon the slightest provocation.

Sometimes it happens that an employee is approached by another firm, and is offered a better salary than that which he is earning. If he is wise, he considers all the circumstances and the temperament of his principal, and eventually he may decide to bring the matter to his chief's attention, and to request an increase of salary.

If he is wise, he makes this suggestion in a business-like style; if he is unwise, he brings the matter to his principal's notice in such a way that there is a tacit threat underlying his words, and in his manner and appearance there has suddenly sprung up a sort of defiant spirit.

Under such circumstances his employer wonders whether he has been guilty of any malpractice, for the man who stands before his desk suggests by his manner that such might be the case.

There is more psychology in business transactions than might be supposed. My own practice has always been to sack at once, and most decisively, any employee who became uppish, for uppishness is a sign of weakness, and no business can be made, or kept, successful by workers who lack strength.

Very often a man in a minor position becomes uppish for the most trivial reasons. Where he has a better position offered him from another firm he has, perhaps, some sort of excuse for self-conceit, but frequently he becomes uppish because he happens to have earned the approval of his officer in the Territorials, or because he has won some athletic event—neither of which circumstances effect in any way the interests of his employer.

There are some horses that cannot carry corn. If you add too large a portion of oats to their daily rations they get above themselves, and cease to be the useful servants that they were.

It is the same with some men. The inheriting of a small legacy, or the interest of an influential friend, will change them entirely, and make them impossible to work with.

In a large business it is not possible for one man to do all the work, and he must have assistance; the great thing is for him to gather about him people with whom he can work wholeheartedly. If he is sensible, he looks after their interests in every way, and it is not necessary for them to advertise their abilities to him. He knows their worth and pays for it accordingly.

The employee who becomes uppish is an ass. If he has a good thing up his sleeve, let him keep it there. If he says or infers that his job is not quite good enough for him he deserves to have the opportunity of finding a better. In a word, he deserves the sack—and usually gets it.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express. —EDITOR.)

GOOD PROSPECTS.

Money is still easy, with no signs of stringency, and, as the general trade of the country is still good, the prospects of improving business in stocks and shares are very promising.

Those who have money lying idle should invest now, and not wait for the general rise in prices, which will take place as soon as the surplus profits from the increased trade of the country find their way to the City for investment.

Gilt-edged stocks have improved in price during the week—especially Consols—which are quite high enough, considering the small return to the investor. The upward movement in this class of security is a good barometer for other markets, and before the Coronation is with us I look for better prices in all stocks where there is a good and promising outlook for the investor.

HOME RAILS.

Home Rails have been irregular, but with a firm undertone, and the rise in prices in this market is likely to continue, slowly but surely, for some time to come.

AMERICANS.

Prices have been steady, but at the moment of writing I would rather be a "bear" than a "bull," as trade is not so good in the States as some would have us believe, and the very big harvest both in cotton and corn does not appear to have helped the general trade.

RUBBER.

The prices of the leading shares have shown a general fall, as has that of the raw article; but the movement has been small, and everything points to a quick recovery and further improvement.

OIL.

This market has shown a firm undertone, and prices in many cases have improved.

Premier Oil and Pipe Line shares are still under par, and I consider them cheap at 25s.

MINES.

Kaffirs and Rhodesians are lower; but West Africans have bucked up, and I should not be surprised to see further improvements in this market.

The Bullfinch shares which were "placed" on the market last November, and with which I advised readers of this column to have nothing to do, have had a nasty fall during the account just closed.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"R" BATTERY (Meerut).—Way-Halim (Sumatra) Rubber and Coffee Estates, Ltd., would suit you. The present price is about 1s. 4½d. per fully-paid 2s. share.

G. S. (Blackpool).—Write again to the secretary of the company you name, and register your letter to make certain that it reaches him.

"BEALE" (Crawley).—I cannot tell how the assets of the Charing Cross Bank will turn out, but feel confident that a clever financier would do well not only out of Canadian Railway, but also out of Gaspe Oil properties.

"RENRAG" (Birmingham).—(1) Not a sound investment, but a fair speculative risk. (2) Sorry I do not know enough about Sandwell Park Colliery to entitle me to advise you regarding it. However, working collieries are doing very well just now, as coal is fetching a good price.

"BISHOP" (Portsmouth).—The highest and lowest prices of Consols in August, 1906, were 88 9-16 and 87¼ respectively. Thanks for good wishes.

C. F. (Leicester).—I consider Farrow's Bank quite sound, and especially suitable for your purpose.

"PARDY" (Hull).—Have every reason to think you will see better prices. You had a chance to average last week; I should not advise doing so now.

H. J. B. (Manchester).—The firm you name is perfectly honest. They do not, however, possess the power of altering the markets to suit either their clients or themselves.

Q. K. (Burton).—You have no reason to feel uneasy about your Rubber shares. The trend of prices must be upward.

"TOM" (Cowes).—Nos. 1 and 4 are a good holding; do not care for 3; should cut the loss on 2.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

FOR BETTING MEN.

A concession that will be greatly appreciated by those investing their money at starting-price, is the dispatch of telegrams up to the "actual off" time. This will in future be allowed by Mr. D. M. Gant, whose extended business has compelled him to open new premises at 41, New Bond Street, and the engaging of a greatly augmented staff of clerks.

Mr. Gant now accepts instructions for small amounts, and may be said to "cater for the million," but at the same time is prepared to disburse large sums to those engaged in heavy transactions.

Deposited at his bankers is £50,000 which can be drawn upon for prompt settlement, so that those doing business with him have every guarantee.

The betting of odds on the favourite does not render place bets void, a practice that generally obtains, and Mr. Gant has "no limit"; the backer of Signorinetta for the Derby was paid out 100 to 1, and would have received 200 to 1 had the mare's starting-price been double what it was.

The public can with confidence rely on Mr. Gant's straightforward treatment whatever the investment, small or big.

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COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

RICHARD SELBY'S ACUMEN

By

ADAM STERN.

There is a certain reciprocal friendliness among the chainmakers of the Black Country in relation to their trade—when it will prove equally advantageous to all parties concerned.

Jake Thorn, receiving an inquiry from the Admiralty for a quantity of chain which it was beyond his power to deliver within the time-limit stipulated, went round to call on Frank Orton, another manufacturer, to put before him the suggestion that they should execute the order between them.

He found Orton in his office—a dried-up, pessimistic, insignificant little man in black— and after a minute's conversation it appeared that Orton had also received the inquiry and was thinking of making a similar proposal to him.

While they were talking about the matter Richard Selby came into the office.

"Hullo, Frank," he said. "'Morning, Jake. Just the two men I want to see! How are you fixed for turning out one-inch cable? I want thirty-five tons within three weeks, if I can get it. Care to quote me a price?"

They exchanged understanding glances.

"You've got th' inquiry as well, then?" said Jake.

"What inquiry?"

"Th' Admiralty's. Eighty tons or thereabouts of what you say—one-inch cable. Frank and I was just speaking about it."

"Yes, that's right," said Richard, sitting down.

He looked from one to the other, guessing, in an instant, the reason of their being together.

"You can't either of you handle the whole lot, I take it," he added. "Neither can I. I can only manage fifty tons or so. What's your limit?"—this to Jake.

"About the same, mebbe," answered Thorn, cautiously.

"And yours?" to Orton.

"Dunno," was the snappy reply.

Frank Orton did not like Richard's habit of taking charge of the conversation, and, in fact, was inclined to resent his being associated with the matter at all.

"Well, it's immaterial," continued Richard. "If I get the order, which of you will take on the supplying of the thirty-five tons?"

"Not me," said Orton.

"Question is, what d'yo' want to pay?" asked Jake Thorn.

"Eleven-and-nine," said Richard.

"Us can get twelve-and-six from the Admiralty."

"That may be so," agreed Richard, "but we can't all get the order. I suggest we each send in our quotation, and the one who brings off the deal buys from the other two what he can't turn out himself. No one else in Moulden makes one-inch cable besides ourselves, so it's certain it rests between us."

"What if Orton or me should bring it off?" asked Jake Thorn. "Should yo' be willing to let us have what we wanted, at eleven-and-nine a hundred-weight?"

"Up to thiry-five tons, yes," assented Richard. "What's fair for one is fair for the other."

"Then," said Jake Thorn, with a grin, "it's pretty plain you're sure o' getting th' order, or yo' wouldn't make that arrangement."

"What I object to," said Orton, in his querulous, snappy voice, "is Richard coming here with an inquiry up his sleeve, so to speak, and telling us nothing about it, and trying to make a convenience of us."

"Why not?" said Richard, characteristically. "You don't need to go into ways and means every time you place sub-contracts. The only purpose of them is convenience. I set about handling this order in my own way; that's all. Until you mentioned it, I wasn't to know that you had received the same inquiry."

"Well, it isn't the way *I* should have gone about it," said Orton cantankerously.

"Very likely not," agreed Richard drily. "But you see, Frank, we're different."

"What Jake and I were discussing," Orton persisted, "was something very much fairer. We proposed quoting for *half*—half apiece—and saying we couldn't manage any more, owing to the short time allowed for delivery. That would ha' meant th' order being split up, and each of us doing well out of it."

"Providing I didn't quote myself and collar the lot," added Richard good-humouredly. "Well, sharing isn't a bad suggestion. The Admiralty pay a good price, and it would be a pity to spoil it by competing. I'm agreeable to quoting only for a third, if you both undertake to do the same and quote an identical price. Twelve-and-six a hundredweight, less two-and-a-half per cent., delivered London; that's the terms, I understand?"

Orton grudgingly nodded; but Richard was looking at Jake Thorn, and there was something in the peculiar level steadiness of his gaze which made Jake's eyelids flicker. He had not been perfectly straightforward with Richard on certain occasions in the past, and he was uncomfortably aware that Richard was remembering it.

"I stick to them terms—and the figure—if yo' and Frank do," he declared with positiveness, "and undertake only to put in for a third."

"Right-o," said Richard, getting to his feet.

"And you ditto, Frank?"

"I don't fancy doing it, I may tell you, not after you coming and——"

"Bosh, man," interrupted Richard good-temperedly.

"Yes or no?"

"Yes then."

"Right . . . Coming my way, Jake?"

They walked in company to the end of the street. As they paused to part, Richard said:

"Twelve-and-six is the price, Jake."

The tone was casual; but the glance accompanying it was once more searching.

"Yo' needn't think——" began Jake; but he stopped abruptly.

"I shouldn't like you to forget, and quote—say, twelve-and-three," said Richard, as he left him.

A minute later Jake caught up with him again.

"Just thought o' something," he explained. "Yo've never supplied one-inch cable to th' Admiralty afore, have yo'?"

"I didn't make the size until lately," said Richard.

"Well, Frank has; and I have. And——. What quality d'yo' intend to supply?"

"What's your motive in asking?"

"Well, yo' see . . ." Richard's bluntness was oddly disconcerting. "It's like this," he went on. "Th' Admiralty ain't o... particular; that is, they don... send anybody down to inspe... the stuff; and Frank me——"

"Yes?"

"Well, we always send 'em good stuff, o'course... stuff as we know'll suit 'em. But what I mean is... so long as it's passed the test. . . ."

"All right," said Richard, curtly. "Good-da... Jake."

There was a doubtful expression in Jake Th... eyes as they lingered on the retreating figure.

II.

When the order was executed, Richard enclose... a letter with his invoice to the Admiralty—a lette... in which the following passages occurred:

". . . I am now in the position to supp... much larger quantities of one-inch cable cha... whenever you may require them. It would be a great satisfaction to me if you would compare the quality of my goods with other chain that you may have in your warehouses. Unreservedly I claim that my stuff is twenty-five per cent. superior to that supplied by any other maker in the Black Country at the same price. You have only to look at it to see that I am right."

A few days afterwards he was in London, a... called at the Admiralty for the ostensible purpose of seeing if there were any inquiries on the board.

Ushered into the Controller's office, he brought up the statements in the letter, and repeated them with a downright directness and compelling vigour which it was impossible, even for a mollusc-like official, to withstand.

He obtained an assurance that a comparison should be made.

It was on a morning exactly a week later that Frank Orton and Jake Thorn entered Richard's office, the former in a state of uncontrollable passion, the latter restless-fingered, with a sort of ferrety vindictiveness in his small, sharp eyes.

"What's the meaning of this?" said Orton, advancing to Richard's desk and thrusting before his nose a letter from the Admiralty, held in a shaking hand.

Richard took it and read it.

The little man watched his face for a change of expression, and saw none.

"Your stuff rejected, eh?" commented Richard. "Declined because it's inferior to that sent in by another maker. Well, what's the idea of coming and telling me?"

"Telling you! Jake's got one as well! That's why. *His* chain's chucked on his hands as well as mine. We want to know if yours has been treated the same?"

"It hasn't," said Richard, sitting back concernedly.

Orton turned, shaking, to Thorn.

"I told you!" he exclaimed. "I told you what it was as soon as I saw you. He's tricked us! He's made us lose one o' the best accounts in the country by a *trick!*"

"What trick?" asked Richard.

"Didn't you come and see us, and get us to fix shares with you? Didn't you fix the price? Wasn't it understood that chain the same as afore should be supplied?"

"May have been by you," said Richard, laconically. "Not by me; I hadn't previously supplied any."

"Yo' knew well enough what we were doing," put in Jake Thorn, venomously.

"What *were* you doing?" inquired Richard, looking at him.

But Orton went on:

"You can't deny it's your stuff they're bragging about. You sent in the very best stuff you could turn out, so as to put us in the shade. You can't deny it. You daren't."

"No occasion," said Richard easily, "I did send in the best stuff, not for the reason you state, but for my own satisfaction. If your stuff suffers by the comparison, that's your affair."

"You did it deliberately to 'out' us."

"Stick to your opinion, if it pleases you," said Richard.

"But *didn't* you?"

"You deliberately outed yourselves, if you want my candid opinion. I quoted for best, and *sent* best. You quoted for best, and sent seconds."

"It passed the official test," snarled Jake Thorn.

"There is such a thing," said Richard, "as smooth, even links, easy running, and links shaped like eggs, which stick and give no end of trouble, and are an invariable sign of cheap and rapid manufacture. The life of a chain like that is about half the life of chain such as I turn out, though it may pass the test at the time of leaving the works. You've been abusing a good account; that's the long and the short of it. You trusted to not being found out. Well, I saw that you *should* be found out!"

He looked from one to the other with a cold smile.

"I took all the merit I could possibly get from the fact that I was acting squarely, and you weren't. I made a point of my stuff being put side by side with yours, and was content to abide by the splendid testimonial it gave me. You don't imagine I'm in business for any other object than to sell as much as I can, and to get as much as I can—do you?

"If so, you're very much mistaken. I co-operate when it suits me—as you do; and if any rival gives me an advantage by playing the fool with his opportunities, or acting dishonestly, I take it. Take it without an atom of compunction, or a grain of sympathy.

"Now perhaps you understand me better than you did before. If you've anything else to say, or a complaint which is legitimate, let's hear it. I'm too busy to listen to superfluous abuse."

They turned to each other.

There was bafflement in their gaze and a dawning sense of helplessness. There was also the bitterness of men who have made a mistake and are paying for it.

They turned towards Richard again.

"You'll never get me to go in for anything with you again," snapped Frank Orton.

"Right-o," said Richard, who, in his wisdom, knew otherwise.

"Nor me," echoed Thorn, after searching his mind for a more devastating threat.

"Right-o," said Richard again. "Shut the door after you."

[*Another of these stories will appear shortly.*—EDITOR.]

HARM DONE BY THE FOOTBALL "SPLIT."

The quarrel between the Football Association and the Amateur Football Association has done much harm.

The big amateur clubs on either side have not suffered much, for in the big centres there are enough F.A. and A.F.A. amateur clubs to run separate competitions among themselves, but in the outlying districts amateur football on both sides is being starved.

Take a district where there are perhaps half a dozen amateur clubs all told, and these are equally divided in their allegiance to the F.A. and A.F.A.; the supporters of the two bodies must not play against each other, and neither side is strong enough to organise a league list by itself.

The plain truth is that the majority of F.A. and A.F.A. amateur clubs do not care "tuppence" about the dispute between the ruling bodies.

Away in the country they were not and are not affected by the reasons which induced the "Old Boy" clubs to break away from the parent body.

There are far more non-public-school than public-school amateur footballers, and the former only want football and plenty of it, and do not care a hang about the F.A. or the A.F.A.

Both the F.A. and A.F.A. are to blame for standing on their dignity and sacrificing the majority of amateur players for reasons which concern only a minority on either side.

SECOND-HAND CYCLES.

HOW TO SELL THEM.

The time has now come when those who wish to dispose of their bicycles should endeavour to find purchasers, and, providing the machine is of a standard make and in pretty good condition, the task should not be a difficult one.

It is by far the best plan, when possible, to sell your machine privately, but where this cannot be accomplished you should advertise it.

It is impossible to lay down any definite rule regarding the price to be asked for a second-hand machine, as everything depends upon the condition of the bicycle to be sold, but a machine that cost, when new, something like ten or twelve guineas, fitted with a three-speed gear, should fetch about half its original cost after two years' service.

In sorting out the replies to your advertisement write to those who live within a reasonable distance, so that they can come and inspect the machine.

If you favour the offer of someone further afield, and send the machine away on approval, stipulate that the machine must be sent back within a certain time, and see that you have the purchase money at the same time as you send away the bicycle, to be retained or returned as the case may be.

Beware of the man who calls to see the machine, and who wishes to give it a trial before deciding to buy it. Unless you or a friend can accompany him he may never return.

See that the machine is well cleaned and in good working order before it is brought out for the inspection of intending purchasers, but do not carry the cleaning process to excess or it will be evident to the prospective buyer that the bicycle has been renovated for the occasion.

COFFIN NAILS.

BY THE TURKISH BATH MAN.

Don't run away with the belief that because I head this column "Coffin Nails" I am going to turn the column into a charnel house. Not a bit of it. I am simply going to tell you a little plain truth.

Every little illness is a nail driven into your coffin. That is true enough at all events. If you can avoid having many little illnesses, fewer nails go into the coffin, and the little wooden box will not be completed so quickly.

Now, there is an old friend of mine, who, on and off, is often in my showrooms. He is an erect, bright-eyed, white-haired old gentleman, who can be as cheerful as a cricket at the age of seventy. He was converted to a belief in hygiene and the regular use of the home Turkish Bath many years ago. He found it helped him to keep fit in many ways, and like many another user of the Gem Turkish Bath, tried to enthuse his relations and friends with the same teaching.

"They used to laugh at me," he said the other day. "They used to say I was killing myself." He smiled at the thought, and then his fine old face grew grave. "And yet most of them are dead now—the kindly people who laughed."

My old friend was quite right. There is no jest about the merits of Turkish Bathing. I say it in simple seriousness; I have been associated with the Turkish Gem Bath for ten years now, and I have no doubt about its merit—I know by the light of experience gained by myself, my family, and from a widening circle of friends.

Out of that experience I know certain facts.

I know that old age is simply wear and tear. That the body, more prone to decay, is not so quickly cleansed and built up by the blood. The eliminating organs do not act so easily or so surely—they leave the blood clogged by impurities.

I know that these impurities manifest themselves in disease symptoms, such as gout, rheumatism, lumbago—diseases which stiffen the joints and harden the blood vessels, and in the end, by throwing an extra burden on the system, cause general decay of the functions. I know that if this wear and tear can be reduced, if the strain on the system can be minimised, if the functions are helped rather than over-worked, old age is robbed of half its terrors. The illnesses that add coffin nails one by one are few and far between, and life is prolonged beyond the allotted span.

I know Turkish Bathing will keep the blood pure, the limbs supple, the brain clear, and exert a rejuvenating influence over the whole body.

I know that a perfectly clean, healthy body means a perfectly sound mind, looking ever on the cheerful side and avoiding the worry that kills. Note the ageing effect of a simple cold, a touch of bronchitis or asthma, or recurring attacks of rheumatism.

Ask yourself one question—Are such effects worth avoiding?

Also ask yourself if the Gem Turkish Bath helped you to avoid these ageing influences, is it not worth while?

And then, don't study me or take my word, or believe my business story. Try my bath and see.

I am not wholly disinterested—I have this bath to sell. But if I offer you a fair trial at no cost to yourself—you have everything to gain and nothing to lose.

You may see without risk the effect of the Gem Turkish Bath on your health; test it carefully and watch its results.

I am willing to send a 30s. Cabinet on receipt of a ten-day post-dated money order, and if for any reason, after using the Cabinet as often as you like, you are dissatisfied, you can return the Cabinet within that time, and have your money refunded. If you are not in a position to avail yourself of this offer, I am prepared to go still further. Send me a postal order for ten shillings and your word that you will pay five monthly payments of 4s. 6d. each, and I will at once send you a 30s. Cabinet. I don't ask for securities or references; I will take your word for it, and trust you. You will note that in accepting payments in this way, I cannot afford a free trial, and I charge you 32s. 6d. for the Cabinet; but it is worth every penny of it, and it only repays me for any extra cost of book-keeping, use of capital, &c.

If you are not yet convinced, let me send you my booklet, "Perfect Health." A post-card addressed to the Gem Supplies Co., Ltd. (Desk 18), 22, Pear Tree Street, Goswell Road, London, E.C., will bring it by return.

THE TURKISH BATH MAN.

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

METHOD IN PACKING.

A man's clothes usually suffer more damage from a week-end visit than from many weeks' wear in the ordinary course of events. That is simply because he does not know how to pack them properly.

It is quite possible to pack clothes without any damage and without any more trouble than if you threw them in anyhow, but to do it you must go to work methodically. I don't pretend that my own method is the only one, or even the best one, but I can recommend it to those who at present pack things just as they come to hand. It has the advantage not only of preserving the clothes as much as possible, but of economising space.

At the bottom of my suit case or portmanteau I put all the trousers and waistcoats I intend to take, folded as few times as possible.

Then come the shirts laid flat and distributed over the whole space available.

On these are packed any underclothes and other soft clothes which can be folded flat and laid side by side—not altogether in one pile.

Up to this point everything can be packed flat and all the corners can be filled, so that there is no waste space.

Then come the coats, the most bulky articles that a man has to pack. These are carefully folded inside out in the usual way and must necessarily be laid more or less in the centre of the case.

This leaves space round the sides in which the boots and shoes can be packed, preferably separately, and if they are filled with socks or other small articles their shape will be preserved.

In one corner goes my collar box, in the centre of which are my ties, or if there is room, my brushes.

The odds and ends can then be tucked into the crevices that remain.

The average man packs everything in piles, instead of distributing things evenly over the space, so that the corners and sides of his portmanteau are as tightly packed as the centre.

Packing in this way not only saves the clothes, but it saves the luggage, since the corners, if empty, are liable to get battered out of shape.

THE ART OF TYING A TIE.

The majority of us tie a sailor knot at least once every day, but you will often find, especially with the modern open-ended tie, that two different members of the same club will tie precisely similar ties so as to produce very different effects.

There is a knack in tying a sailor knot, almost as much as in tying a bow tie, and if the tie is a striped one it is all the more important to acquire it.

Often the unpleasing result is the fault of the maker of the tie. If the stripes are at all pronounced, never buy a tie in which the stripes are not diagonal, preferably at an angle of forty-five degrees when the tie is held up by one end.

Many open-ended ties are made in two pieces, joined at the back, and sometimes the pieces are joined together so that the stripes in the two halves are not set at the same angle. A tie of this sort should be avoided, if possible.

The secret of tying a good knot in an open-ended tie is to cross the two ends so that the lower one crosses the upper one just above where the open end of the latter begins.

This ensures that the end of the tie below the knot is quite free, and can be spread out properly.

If the knot is tied lower down in the wide end of the tie it will show unsightly creases in front.

SLIT OVERCOAT-POCKETS.

A year or two ago one rarely saw a new overcoat with flap pockets. The fashion of the vertical slit at the side was for a short time almost universal.

Now it seems to have dropped out completely, except, perhaps, for raincoats and light overcoats.

Its one real advantage was that it enabled a vent to be cut through the overcoat by means of which you could put your hand into the side pocket of the jacket or of the trousers.

On the other hand, it encouraged a man to put his hands into his overcoat pockets, and the result was that the coat was dragged down at the sides and the cloth sagged and became shapeless.

Moreover, it has always seemed to me that the cross-cut pockets and their flaps were needed to break up the enormous expanse of cloth in the two sides of an overcoat and the garment never looked so well when the pockets migrated to the sides.

A TIP FOR TERRITORIALS.

I noticed a pair of sleeve-links which a friend of mine was wearing the other day, and which seemed to me something a little out of the common.

On closer inspection they proved to consist of four regimental buttons of the Territorial Corps in which he holds a commission.

This is an idea which may appeal to my many Territorial readers.

Suitable buttons can generally be obtained from the quartermaster-sergeant, the best size being that which is used for the pocket flaps of the service jacket.

If, however, you can only obtain from him buttons with the royal arms, which are now commonly used throughout the service, and if you prefer to get the regimental crest, you can usually get what you want by going to an officers' outfitter, who will procure them for you for a few pence, if he does not happen to have them in stock.

Any jeweller will convert the four buttons into links for you at a very low cost, and they can either be left as they are, if gilt, or silver-plated if the metal of which they are made would not remain bright.

In this way you can carry a pleasant little reminder of your regiment about with you, besides possessing a pair of links that are not likely to be often duplicated—unless you start a fashion in the corps.

COIN LINKS.

A very neat pair of links may be made up in a similar way from four coins—preferably silver or gold Oriental ones.

If you have some friend abroad who can procure them for you, any working jeweller will make them up for very little.

The coins should be arranged so that each link shows the obverse on one side and the reverse on the other.

Links of this kind are necessarily rather larger than the usual size, and if you possess a pair, it is advisable to have a look at the buttonholes in the cuffs of any new shirt you may be buying; otherwise you may get one which will not take your links.

When in Doubt,

Don't throw your suit away but send it to us to be dry-cleaned in the Achille Serre way.

No matter how stained and out of shape it may be, we can make it wearable, and if it is worn we can re-work the buttonholes—supply new linings—and in fact do any repairs that are necessary.

It will only cost you 3/9 for cleaning and pressing, or a little more if repairs are ordered, and by this small expenditure you may save the cost of a new suit.

Write now for a copy of our booklet and the address of the nearest branch or agency.

Achille Serre

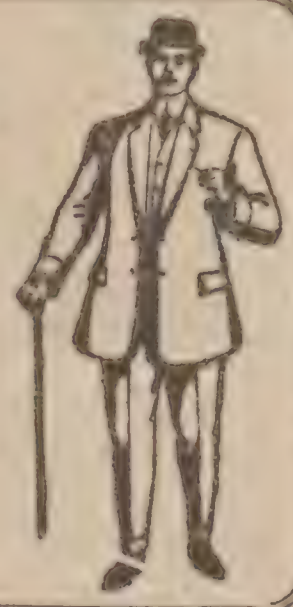
(Nettoyage à Sec.), Limited,

Hackney Wick, London.

'Phone 1265 East.

Carriage paid one way on orders sent direct.

IN A McKINLEY SUIT



as much care is taken with the inside of the garments as with the outside. You don't see the work, but it is there. That is why a "McKinley" Suit keeps its shape and is wearable long after those made by other firms who don't take such pains have been discarded.

We use only genuine Scotch and English materials, employ only expert London cutters and tailors, and guarantee perfection of fit, style and workmanship. Yet our prices are far below those of other firms. Booklet "MN" will tell you how we do it. Send for it to-day.

SUITS (to measure) - - - - 25s. to 50s.
RAINPROOF OVERCOATS - 25s. to 45s.
RIDING BREECHES - - - 10s. 6d. to 21s.

Carriage paid; no extras. We guarantee to refund your money in full if we fail to fit you perfectly and give you complete satisfaction.

Together with our Booklet we shall send you free and post paid our magnificent range of new Patterns, Fashion Plates, Tape Measure, and the McKinley Scientific Self-measurement Chart, which enables anyone to take measures as accurately as an experienced tailor. Write or call—

C. & G. McKINLEY, *Tailoring Specialists,*

Tailoring Dept., 7, GRESHAM STREET, LONDON, E.C.

WHEN ORDERING TROUSERS.

A man who is ordering or trying on a new suit is very apt to take the trousers very much for granted. The tailor cannot go very far wrong with them he thinks, and so he probably does not trouble to try them on or to notice particularly what measures the cutter takes for them.

This is extremely unwise, and it is worth while to insist on trying the trousers on.

The commonest fault is that the trousers are not made high enough in the body part, and this is very difficult to rectify when once they have been cut out.

A tailor naturally does not want to give you more stuff than he need, and sometimes you will find that the trousers scarcely extend above the bottom of the waistcoat.

In a suit that is to be worn in winter, at any rate, they should come much higher, if only for the sake of warmth, for it is just in this part of the body that protection is most needed.

But at least there should be no danger of a hiatus of shirt being visible, even when the bottom button of the waistcoat is undone.

It is especially important to see that correct measurements are taken in the case of trousers that are ordered independently and not as part of a suit—a new pair of dress trousers, for instance, or flannel ones.

If a man is making a complete suit for you he will not have much excuse for going wrong, but unless you are wearing the waistcoat that is likely to go above the new trousers, insist on his giving you plenty of margin.

MEN OF THE LEAGUE.

A further list of members of THE MODERN MAN *League is printed below. A notice and application form for membership appears on another page. The names of those members who join too late to be included in the list for their own town will appear later in a supplementary list. We shall be glad to hear as soon as possible of any errors or changes of address.*

LITTLE BARROW.
H. GADD.

LITTLEHAMPTON.
W. R. DIX, 103, Victoria Terrace.

LIVERPOOL.
J. C. ABBOTT, 47, Clifton Street.
P. ACKERLEY, 26, Eversley Street, Prince's Park.
F. W. ADLINGTON, 120, Albert Edward Road, Kensington.
J. F. ALLEN, 34, Guernsey Road, Green Lane.
H. H. ANDERSON, 7, Imison Street, Walton.
J. ANTHONY, 42, Burnand Street, Anfield.
G. APPLETON, 7, Mountjoy Street, Everton.
H. APPLETON, 7, Mountjoy Street, Everton.
C. R. ARCHER, 77, Dorritt Street.
J. ARMSTRONG, 8, Allcard Street, off Boaler Street.
J. AVERY, 46, Lowther Street, Grove Street.
J. A. BARTLEY, 32, Upper Park Street.
O. W. BOWSTEAD, 8, Halsbury Road, Kensington.
T. R. BROWN, 3, Lisburn Road, Aigburth.
J. C. BUCKLEY, 5, Althorpe Street, Dingle.
J. BUTLER, 74, Boundary Lane, off West Derby Road.
J. A. CANNON, 167, Granton Road, Anfield.
G. CAPPER, 21, Birstall Road, Kensington.
W. CARTER, 28, Bulwer Street, Everton.
O. J. CEDERBERG, 24, Madelain Street.
C. CHAFFER, 78, Moscon Drive, Stoneycroft.
J. CHATTERTON, 44, Moore Street, Bootle.
P. CLAGUE, 15, West Derby Road.
E. A. CLARKE, 261, Smithdown Road, Sefton Park.
H. P. CLARKE, 2, Wesley Street.
W. M. CLAYTON, 7, Beeston Street, Kirkdale.
H. J. COOKSLEY, 60, Whitefield Road, Everton.
D. CORMACK, 27, Millvale Street.
A. E. CROFT, 19, Watford Road, Anfield.
H. R. CROFT, 19, Watford Road, Anfield.
G. A. CROSS, 44, Hopwood Street.
T. CROWTHER, 48, Lodge Lane.
C. A. CUMMINS, 13, August Street, Bootle.
S. CUNNINGHAM, 66, Elstow Street.
A. G. CUSACK, 77, Hughes Street.
W. E. DAVIES, 31, Victoria Road, Tue Brook.
G. DIAMOND, 5, Cobden Terrace, Dingle.
G. E. DITCHFIELD, 39, Portland Place.
A. DOBSON, 29, Byrom Street.
H. DODD, 36, Kinglake Street.
W. H. DODD, 55, Moses Street.
G. DREWARY, 72, Chatsworth Street, Edge Hill.
P. DWHYTIE, 47, Falkner Road.
J. F. EASTWOOD, 27, Caldy Road, Ashtree.
E. T. ELLIS, 38, Leta Street, Walton.
F. ELSEY, 6, Lynedoch Street, West Derby Road.
G. H. EVANS, 7, Edge Lane.
W. M. W. FELL, Clarendon Road, Garston.
C. E. FERRIDAY, 14, Stuart Road, Walton.
P. F. FINDLAY, 4, Sheil Road, Fairfield.
H. B. FINN, 36, Melville Place, Oxford Street.
T. J. FLEMING, 52, Burnand Street, Anfield.
G. FLETCHER, 39, Burleigh Road, Everton.
W. R. GIBBINGS, 17, Gambier Terrace, Hope Street.
T. GOODMAN, 325, Walton Breck Road, Anfield.
W. S. GRAFTON, 15, Church Road, Walton.
F. GRAHAM, 107, Oxford Street, East.
W. GRIFFIN, 16, Belgrave Street, off Erskine Street.
W. HAIGH, 117, Walton Lane.
—. HALL, 103, Byrom Street.
W. HALL, 20, Lesseps Road, Sefton Park.
W. HALL, 21, Cowley Road, Walton.
R. HANDS, 50, Elmore Street, Heywood Street, Everton.
S. HARGREAVES, 7, Prescot Road, Fairfield.
A. HARLOE, 48, Lodge Lane.
W. HARPER, 41, Baker Street, West Derby Road.
B. HAWES, 67, Tavistock Street.
F. HAYES, 83, Stanley Road.
A. HEALEY, 34, Smollett Street, off Kensington.
F. HESKETH, 45, Portman Road, Smithdown Road.
R. HILL, 13, Aughton Street.
D. S. HINCKS, 57, Croxteth Road, Bootle.
W. H. HINDLE, Park Dairy, Keble Road, Bootle.
C. G. HISLOP, 4, Roxburgh Avenue, Sefton Park.
J. A. HODSON, 40, Kensington.
J. A. HOLLAND, 2, Overton Street, Edge Hill.
H. HOGG, 102, Upper Parliament Street.
S. H. HOLLAND, 13, Bishop Road, Anfield.
D. HORNBY, 18, Patteson Street, Kensington.
B. F. HOY, 16, Barrymore Road, Staveley.
A. T. HULANCE, 48, Salisbury Road, Wavertree.
J. HUXLEY, 10, Ewart Road, Seaforth.

LIVERPOOL *(continued).*
B. HYNES, 22, Devonfield Road, Aintree.
J. JENKINS, 6, Breeze Hill, Bootle.
J. JOHNSON, 14, Columbia Road, Walton Village, Walton.
A. JOHNSTON, 4, Herschell Street, Everton.
A. W. JONES, 10, Pym Street, Walton.
H. JONES, 52, Scotland Road.
J. JONES, 40, Rockley Street, Kirkdale.
W. JONES, 48, Dove Street
W. JOYCE, 104, Alt Street, Princes Park.
H. KING, 27, Pansy Street, Stanley Road.
H. T. KING, 27, Waterhouse Street, Everton.
J. E. KIRKPATRICK, 43, Salop Street, Kirkdale.
F. KOLESAR, 41, Mount Pleasant.
W. LAZENBY, 61, Myrtle Street.
—. LECK, 103, Byrom Street.
F. L. LEECE, 36, Stamford Street.
F. LEWIN, 85, Belmont Road, Everton.
J. B. LINACRE, 1, Seldon Street, Kensington.
C. E. LLOYD, 117, Aughton Street, Ormskirk.
J. LUNT, 133, Rosslyn Street, St. Michaels.
J. E. McCARTHY, 17, Guilford Street, Everton.
J. McCORY, 17, Rupert Hill, Everton.
C. McEWAN, 125, Makin Street, Walton.
S. McPOLAND, 29, Crosby Street, Waterloo.
H. W. McQUORD, 129, Dacy Road, Anfield.
H. L. MANSELL, 36, Carstairs Road, Newsham Park.
J. MARSHALL, 13, Greenbank Road, Sefton Park.
C. MASON, 13, Granby Street.
W. H. MEARS, 53, York Terrace, Everton.
J. MERCER, 43, Circus Street.
J. S. MEREDITH, "The Poplars," Maghull.
J. METCALF, 168, Brownlow Hill.
A. E. MIDDLETON, 222, County Road, Walton.
H. MILNE, 3, Mossley Avenue, Sefton Park.
A. MOIR, 38, Eden Street, Lodge Lane.
A. MONEYPENNY, 110, Northumberland Street, Park Road.
G. MONEYPENNY, 110, Northumberland Street, Park Road.
L. MORGAN, 112, Bardsey Road.
J. A. MORLAND, 1, Canon Road, Anfield.
C. MOSS, "Ash Lea," Park Lane, Aintree.
W. MUIR, 97, Roxburgh Street, Walton.
T. C. NEAL, 61, Langham Street, Walton.
F. O. NEWEY, "Claremont," Blundellsands.
T. G. OWEN, 273, Walton Breck Road, Anfield.
J. H. PARKINSON, 10., Woodhall Road, Old Swan.
M. PEDDER, 55, Kenmare Road, Wavertree.
S. PENTAT, 43, Cautle Street.
F. W. PHIEFFER, 27, Waterhouse Street, Everton.
H. E. POLKINGHORN, 86, Carisbrooke Road, Walton.
H. POPE, 3, Yew Tree Road, Walton.
C. A. PRICE, 4, Sunny Side, Old Swan.
A. QUILLIAN, 5, Soho Street.
G. M. RAINE, 50, Bridge Road, Mossley Hill.
J. READY, 2, Long Lane, Wavertree.
J. REDFERN, 15, Major Street, Stanley Road.
H. ROBB, 68, Broad Green Road, Broad Green.

(To be continued.)

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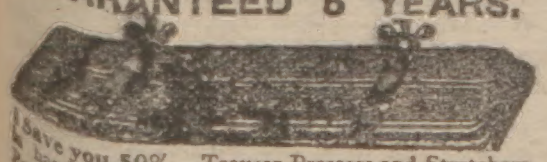

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but your blade never cuts quite as keenly as a professional shaver's. Send P.O. 1s. for a tin of Paste as used in the trade and get a
PERFECT EDGE (a trade secret).
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You can buy on credit direct from our works new Coventry made "QUADRANT" cycles at HALF SHOP PRICES. Sent on 10 days' approval and guaranteed 10 years. Money returned if dissatisfied. We only charge TRADE price £3 12s. for fully equipped up-to date models which Agents sell in shops at £6 10s. Buy direct and Save Middlemen's Profits. Easy terms from 5/- monthly. Strict privacy; quick delivery. Write for Illustrated Lists To-Day. Quadrant Cycle Co., Ltd., (Dept. 26, COVENTRY.

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QUADRANT

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

C. S. (Manchester).—Enlist the services of your regimental Sergeant-Major. When he sees that you are keen on the work, he will do his utmost to help you, and he can teach you more in ten minutes about drill than you could otherwise learn in many hours. Do not forget that the Sergeant-Major is not as a rule over paid.

E. C. W. (Nuneaton). — The best way to learn carpentry is to have a lesson or two from a local carpenter.

A. T. (Worcester). — The present fashion of parting the hair in the middle does not make a man look effeminate, provided he also brushes his hair back. It is when he brushes it down towards his ears, that he takes on the appearance of an old woman.

T. H. (Southampton).—Much obliged for the information, which is likely to be most useful.

G. S. (Dundee). — Pomeranians are strong favourites at the present time, but chiefly amongst ladies. They are intelligent and interesting, but we should hardly call them a man's dog.

R. N. (Sheffield).—Miniature rifle practice is certainly useful, but it should, of course, be combined with occasional longe-rang shooting.

H. B. E. (Leeds).—The amount of sleep necessary depends upon your constitution. Some men can do with four hours and some men need ten. You know best what suits you.

D. P. R. (Stirling).—You can obtain the books you desire by writing to Messrs. W. and G. Foyle, 135, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.

B. F. (Preston).—By all means have a bicycle shed fixed up in your back garden. If, as at present, you have nowhere to store your bike except in the attic, you will deny yourself many pleasurable runs; but when the bike is at hand, and only waiting for you to mount it, you will be tempted on many occasions to have a spin, to the great benefit of your health.

W. R. (Leicester).—You may keep the sparrows off your seeds by fixing lengths of black cotton about four inches above the surface of the ground. In the case of valuable seeds, some men take the trouble of covering them with red lead, which makes them safe from both sparrows and mice.

J. L. (Dublin).—You must not tempt us to voice your political views, for this is not a political paper. So far as Ireland is concerned, all we can say is that Irishmen are amongst the finest sportsmen in the world, and that we shall always regard our visit to Ireland as one of our most pleasant memories. We look forward to repeating the experience.

H. P. (Birmingham).—When in doubt, don't. If you are really in love with the girl, you would not ask our advice as to whether you should marry her.

F. G. (Bradford).—Probably the trouble is not due to any defect in the harness, but to your neglect in cleaning it. Naturally the greatest pressure comes below the buckles, and when cleaning the harness you should rub composition or polish well into the leather where the metal presses upon it.

H. L. (Liverpool).—The choice must be yours. There are many tempting jobs which a man can take up when he has turned the twenties, but whether he is wise in throwing up a safe job and trying for a better paid one depends upon many things, and chiefly upon his own ability and initiative.

E. S. R. (Grimsby).—If you want a dog that is able and willing to accompany you on your rambles, we can scarcely advise you to buy a bulldog. The bulldog is admired by most people, but he is not made for active exercise. It would be better for you to buy a fox-terrier. Get a puppy, and bring him up yourself.

F. R. G. (Nottingham).—Sorry you have been bitten. In future you will be wiser to take your business to a firm with a reputation, such as that of Mr. D. M. Gant.

G. N. (Clapton).—Apply to the secretary of the bank or insurance office you wish to join. For secretarial posts, if you have the necessary qualifications, watch the advertisement columns of the daily newspapers.

L. D. B. (Weston-super-Mare).—Influence of the kind you mention is not likely to help you much.

T. H. (Glasgow).—It is much cheaper to build a rustic arch for your garden than to buy one ready-made. If you are anything of a hand at making a bargain, you can buy locally for a couple of shillings enough wood to make you an arch, but a ready-made one would cost you considerably more than that.

L. S. M. (Hendon).—We do not disclose the addresses of our contributors, and we do not know whether or not Mr. S. M. Metford may be or may be not a member of the great family of Metford. You inform us that you always believed that "we were the only people of that name in existence, with a branch of the family in Norfolk, one in Bristol, and one in Gloucester." You further inform us that one member of this great family is a Lieutenant-Colonel of the Territorial Force. We ought to stand in awe at hearing these things, but we don't. When we buy contributions we consider their merits, and not the family connections of the writers.

A. M. (Manchester).—What you term the "dot effect" that appears in certain sketches is known in the business as a "mechanical tint." The artist marks on his sketches the places where he desires the block-maker to put this tint.

H. C. D. (Muswell Hill).—Eat more fruit and vegetables. They will cure your particular complaint more quickly than any exercise would do.

W. C. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Refuse all further payments, and demand the immediate return of your money.

C. J. R. (Leyton), **T. B.** (Wolverhampton), **F. H.** (Staines), **E. W.** (Glasgow), **J. H.** (Manchester), **W. G. C.** (Winnipeg), **G. T.** (Chelsea), **A. L.** (Aberdeen), **D. F. McC.** (Reading). **E. H.** (Warrington).—Best thanks.

"Man, Mind & Muscle

A WONDERFUL, INSPIRING BOOK, which opens to you the priceless secrets of attaining GREAT PHYSICAL & MENTAL PERFECTION & POWER

This Book is worth pounds to every man, but is here offered to Readers of "The Modern Man" for 1s. 2d. post free.

For the young man starting in life; for the man whose career is of ten years' standing; for the middle-aged man; for all whose goal is Physical as well as Mental Success, this book is the most valuable ever published.

Its worth is apparent.

"Man, Mind, and Muscle" explains to you clearly and concisely the powers that you must possess if you would attain success. But it tells you more. It tells you how you can obtain those powers; how you can strengthen and develop your intellect and so realise to the full the powers that lie dormant in everybody's—in your—brain and body. It explains the overcoming of bad habits; how to detect and know your own failings; how to rid yourself of faults in your character which tend to weaken instead of strengthen your personality. It shows you how to convert your very weakness into strength.

"Man, Mind, and Muscle" is published by one of the most famous firms of health publishers in the world, the Health and Vim Publishing Co., 73, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

"Man, Mind, and Muscle" shows you that a man in order to succeed must have a dominant personality. He must impress the strength and power of his mind upon all with whom he comes into contact. The man with a distinctive personality is a man who has developed and trained the latent powers that are in him to the fullest.

People feel that they can trust him, they feel that he is a man of substance, of strong character, a man worthy of every confidence. He is a man whose passions are under perfect control; he realises himself to the utmost; he is fully cognisant of his own power, and his self-confidence and will-power are as steady and as firm as a rock.

A man such as this succeeds through the sheer force of his character. In business dealings he exercises a mental fascination which convinces even against a person's will. His voice, his manner, his earnestness, and every line of his body all join together to push him onwards.

In all probability you have met such a man. You have been almost awed. You have instantly conceived an intense respect for him, and have felt that here was a man you would trust your life to. But, you ask yourself, what is the reason? Is it that my will is so exceedingly weak? Or is it that his character is intensely strong, out of all proportion to mine?

The powers of the man who influenced you can be yours if you will but go the right way about getting them.

This book, the price of which is but a shilling net, tells you the means of obtaining this strength of mind and character that you now so much desire.

"Man, Mind, and Muscle" tells you how to keep yourself under perfect control, your muscles, thoughts, passions, and will.

To take but one little illustration. The man with a powerful personality always looks you straight in the eyes, he never blinks, and his glance never wanders.

"Why is this?" you ask.

The explanation is simple.

Like all his other muscles, he has those of his eyes under perfect control. He has steeled himself to control them.

Such is the explanation of the so-called piercing magnetic gaze. But how convincing it is, and how you feel you can trust such a man, as you really *can!*

You must realise that such a man as this has every muscle and faculty under as complete a control as his eyes. "Man, Mind, and Muscle" will show you how to get a similar control over yourself, so that your personality and intellect will rapidly attain success for you and render you a leader among men, instead of a mere go-with-the-crowd unit, as the vast majority of men are at present. No longer will you be subjected to the first impulse that seizes you; your judgment and coolness will carry you through. Your character will always remain unimpaired; you will resist and overcome all temptation, conquer your bad habits, gain by sheer will-power the success that you desire, and thus achieve that supreme happiness which we are all working for, but which so few attain.

"Man, Mind, and Muscle," published at 1s. net, teaches you how to control the Man's (yourself, that is) moral or ethical nature, the Mind, and so achieve intellect, will-power, judgment, a sound memory, and complete self-control, and also the Muscles, so that you develop a sound healthy body with firm flesh and that grace and appearance of powerful strength which belong only to those who are physically perfect!

The chapter headings here will give you an idea of how completely your triple nature is covered in this book, which costs you only a shilling.

The Three-fold Nature of Man—Your Nerves and Your Morals—This Wonderful Body of Ours—How to Exercise the Mind and Educate the Will—How to Attain Self-Control, &c.

Thus, you see, it is now placed within your reach to obtain that personality which comes of complete self-control and strength of character, about which you have thought so often.

Send for "Man, Mind, and Muscle," read it carefully, and follow implicitly the advice it gives. Above all, keep to it. Don't let your interest flag, which, if you really desire success, would be a most fatal weakness. Note and thoroughly understand every part of it and you will be well on the path to business and social success.

The price of "Man, Mind, and Muscle" is 1s. 2d. post free, and is to be obtained of the Health and Vim Publishing Co., 73, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

Printed by The Victoria House Printing Co., Ltd., Tudor Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C., and Published for the Proprietors, The Modern Man, Ltd., by The United Press, Ltd., 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Annual Subscription 8s. 8d., to be sent to The Modern Man Subscription Department, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Sole Agents for Colonies: Gordon & Gotch, London, etc. *South Africa:* The Central News Agency, Capetown, etc. Registered for Canadian Magazine post.

Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.
In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Bargain.—Gent's black suit, practically new, fit man 5ft. 9in. or 5ft. 10in., chest measurement 36in., length of sleeve 22½in.; City make; cost 63s., will accept 36s. Money returned if not approved.—A. Salter, Prospect House, Hale, Farnham, Surrey.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

No more shabby suits. "Clothclena" removes stains, shine, and shabbiness from suits thoroughly, easily, and instantly; modern men delighted; bottle 1s., post free.—Manager, Central Laboratory, Perth.

Two or three gent.'s white shirts, the very best quality, samples, brand new. What offers?—Box 4216, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The McKinley "Mac," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. A really high-class coat, thoroughly waterproof and reliable, for ordinary or sporting wear. Ready for service, in all sizes. Send height and chest measure (over jacket), with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

A glance at McKinley advertisement, page 22, will reward you.

Wanted, gentleman's dressing case, fold up, good make and condition, silver mountings, cheap.—Box 4310, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, dress uniform, officer Life Guards, height 6ft., chest 39in.—Box 4311, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's stout boots, hand-sewn, size 8, nearly new, 12s. 6d.; also pigskin leggings, hardly worn, 6s.; cash only.—Box 4312, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Rover cycle, roller brakes, three-speed gear; excellent condition, £2 7s. 6d.—Box 4293, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

How to make money by following horses during flat racing season.—Address, only by correspondence (stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed), "Lilywhite," care of Mallinson, Advertising Agent, Shrewsbury.

Punching-ball, complete, fine quality, double ended, cost 12s. 6d.; accept 8s. 6d., condition as new.—Box 3980, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For sale, double-handed salmon or trout rod, split cane; single-handed split-cane trout rod, by Hardy Brothers; 1 light trout rod, 3 reels and lines, 2 landing nets; 2 fishing baskets; 3 fly books; quantity of good flies; spoon baits; spinning tackle; worm tackle; hooks; gut casts; all in good and working condition. Price £7 15s. the lot, cost nearly £20.—Box 4300, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

2 Palmer covers, new, beaded edge, 28 by 1½. Exchange for wired Palmers or Dunlop, or sell 9s. each.—Box 4301, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, B.S.A. air-gun in exchange for B.S.A. ·22 bore rifle.—Box 4302, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Good pair gentleman's ball-bearing skates, 6s.—Box 4303, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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